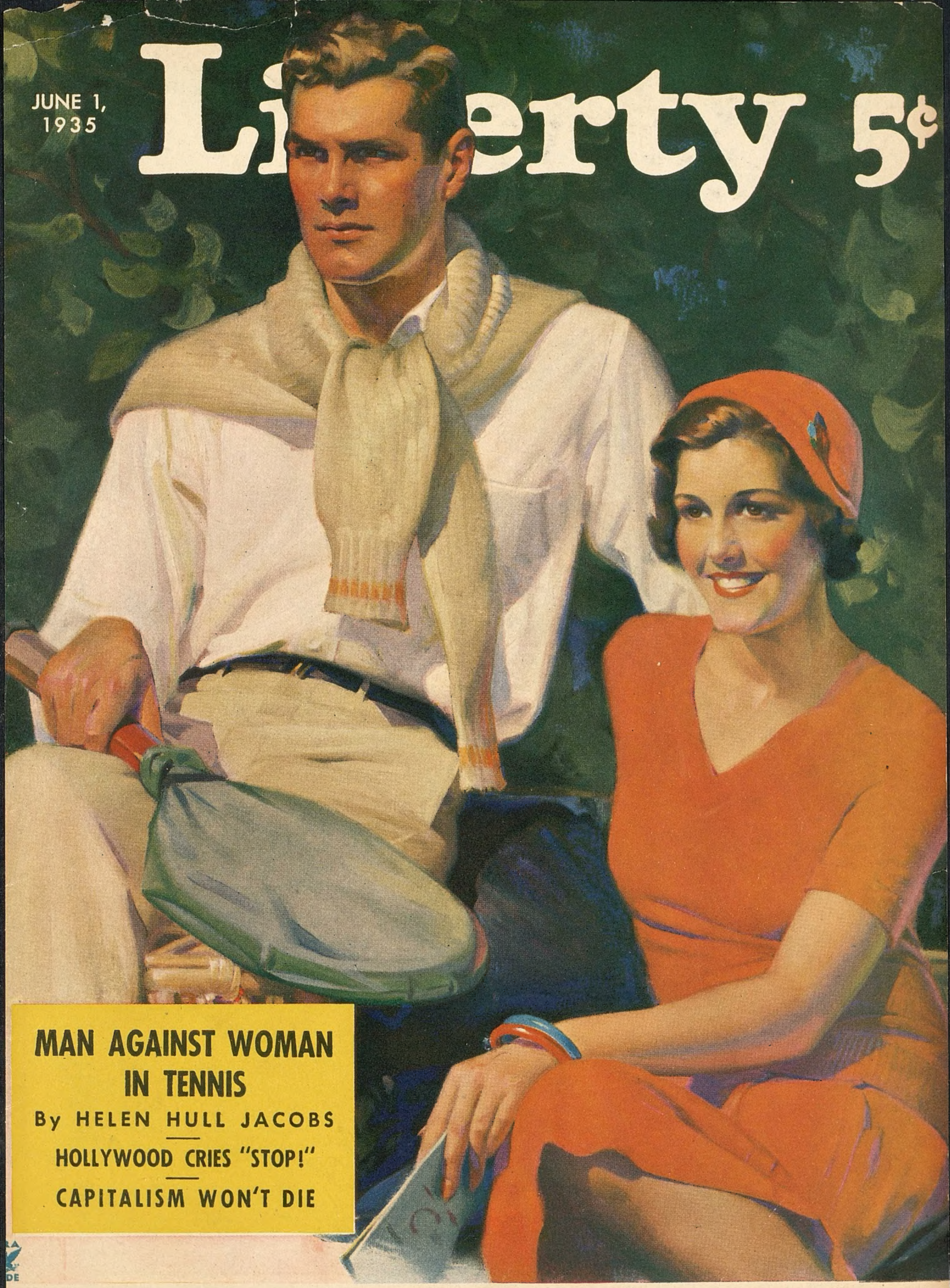
JUNE 1,
1935

Liberty

5¢



MAN AGAINST WOMAN IN TENNIS

By HELEN HULL JACOBS

HOLLYWOOD CRIES "STOP!"

CAPITALISM WON'T DIE

I'm your best friend
I am your Lucky Strike

LUCKY STRIKE
"IT'S TOASTED"
CIGARETTES
LUCKY STRIKE

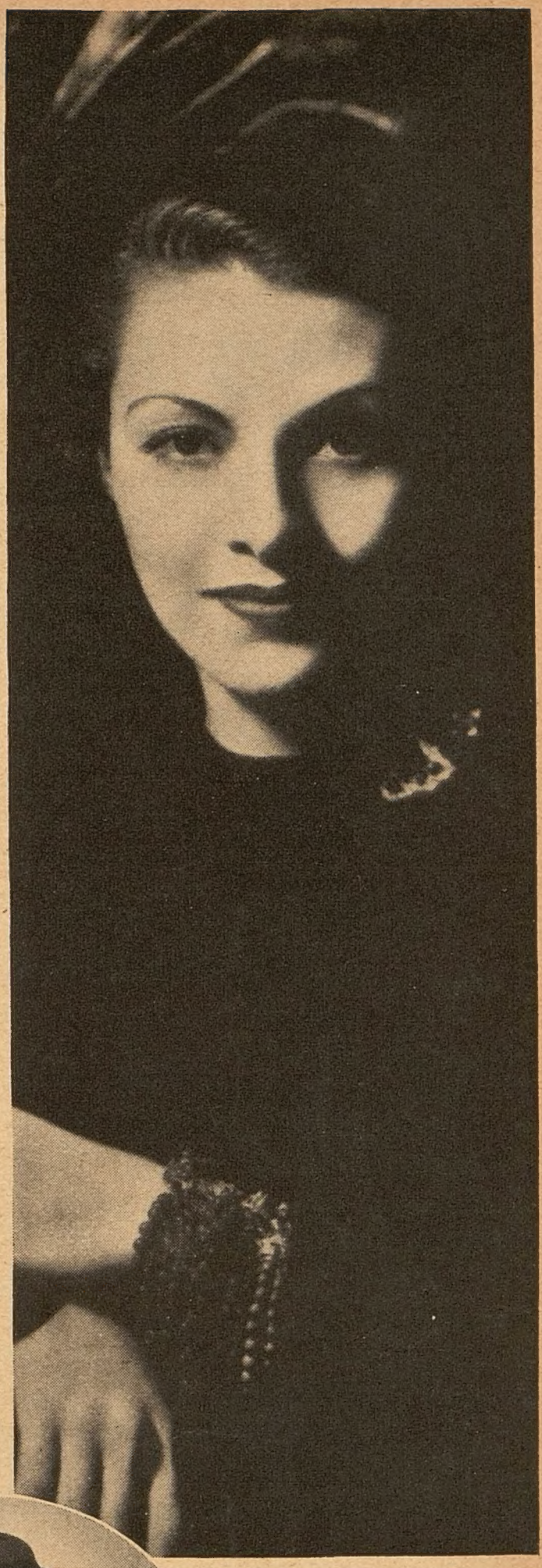
Luckies

LUCKIES USE ONLY THE CENTER LEAVES
—THE CENTER LEAVES GIVE YOU
THE MILDEST SMOKE.

They Taste Better

Copyright 1935,
The American Tobacco Company

Mrs. Kendall Lee Glaenzer *member of the immortal Lee family of Virginia . . . noted for her beauty and talent—her reputation as a hostess in Paris and New York. Adores music. Has many friends among modern composers. Loves the outdoors and has a shooting box in the Adirondacks. Her sister is married to Rockwell Kent, famous artist.*



ALL HERS...

The appointments of luxurious living—yet the beautiful Mrs. Glaenzer pays only 25¢ for her tooth paste

Certainly no mere price could be a factor in this charming woman's choice of Listerine Tooth Paste. She likes it and uses it for what it does. The quick, thorough way it cleans; the brilliant lustre it imparts to teeth.

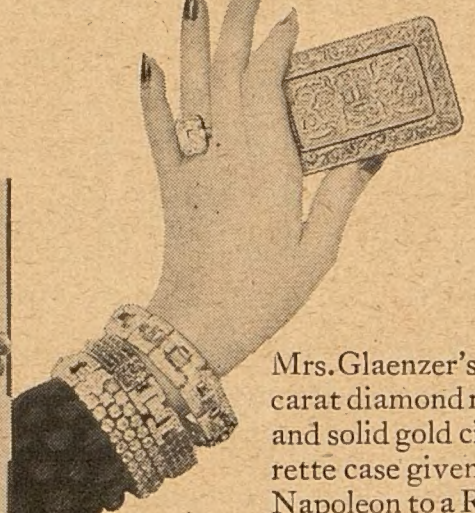
"It gives my mouth a new-born feeling," said Mrs. Glaenzer in her lovely New York apartment, "and gives me a sense of well-being."

Literally thousands of men and women who can afford to pay any price for a tooth paste, have switched to Listerine Tooth Paste and stick to it. More than two million women and a million men are using this beauty and health aid made by the makers of famed Listerine.

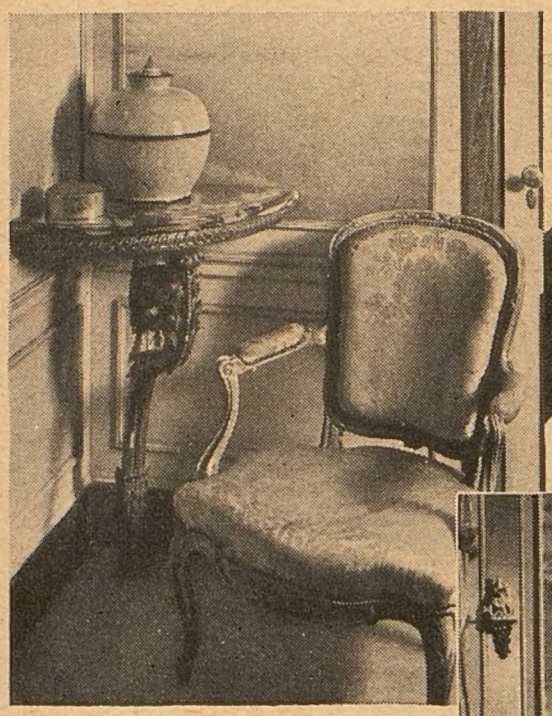
If you have not tried it, do so now. See how much cleaner your teeth look. See how much brighter they become. Note how wonderfully clean and refreshed your mouth feels after its use. Remember that here is a product in every way worthy of the notable Listerine name; at a common sense price. In two sizes: Regular Large, 25¢ and Double Size, 40¢.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY
St. Louis, Mo.

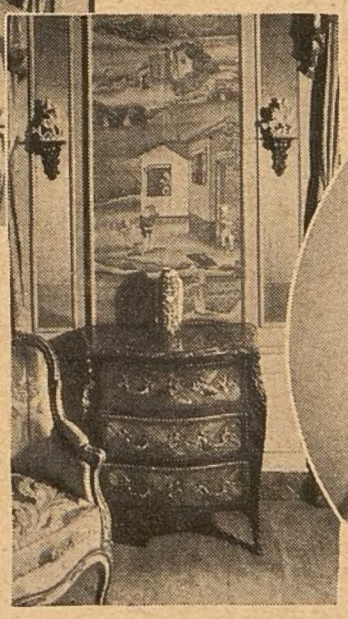
Listerine
TOOTH PASTE



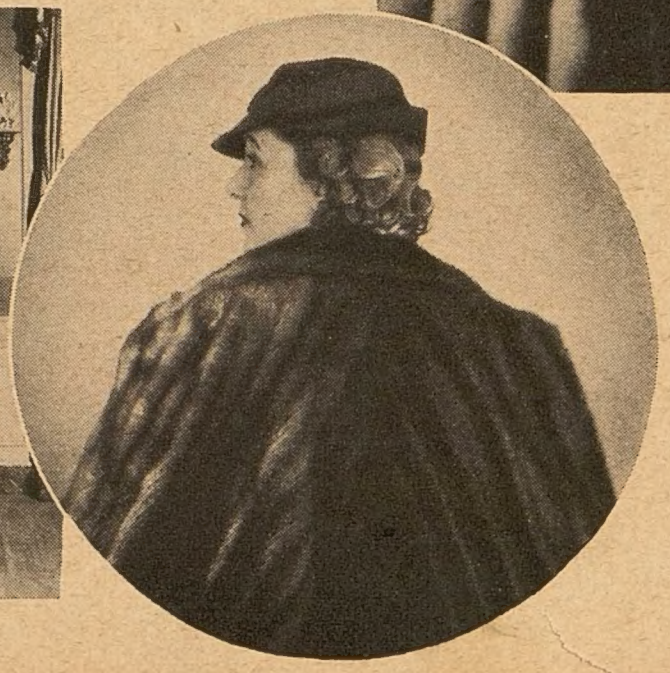
Mrs. Glaenzer's 10-carat diamond ring and solid gold cigarette case given by Napoleon to a Russian princess, and her three diamond bracelets.



Corner console of the Louis XVI Period in Mrs. Glaenzer's apartment. Also Chinese crackle glaze porcelain jar from the Ming dynasty.



Rare Louis XV French commode. Behind it a rich Ming Period Chinese painting on silk, together with porcelain vase of the Chien Lung Period.



Rivaling Mrs. Glaenzer's ermine and silver fox evening wrap in grace and beauty, is her mink cape, constructed of beautifully matched skins, collected over a period of twenty years by a famed furrier.

JUNE 1, 1935 **Liberty** VOL. 12, NO. 22

BERNARR MACFADDEN, PUBLISHER FULTON OURSLER, EDITOR WM. MAURICE FLYNN, MANAGING EDITOR
WALLACE H. CAMPBELL, ART EDITOR WILLIAM C. LENGEL, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

SOME WORKERS ARE DEAF, DUMB, and BLIND

WORKERS are inclined to help the government secure control of industry. With officialdom in charge of business, through appropriate regimentation wages will be regulated by the government and the army will be on call to put strikers in their proper place.

Now there is leniency of an unusual character in favor of the workers in labor troubles. To a certain extent they are a law unto themselves. But the spider is weaving a web that will ultimately entangle and control them.

The spider in this instance is their enslavement through governmental control of business. And workers everywhere are doing everything they can to bring this about—putting their own heads in a noose.

The workers of this country have been free men from the beginning of our national existence. They have managed to increase their compensation, to raise their standard of living far above that of the nations of Europe. And the rank and file ought to be grateful beyond words for the privileges they now enjoy—those who have them.

But paid agitators, many of them communistic in their sympathies, who have to retain their jobs somehow, do it by arousing resentment and hate between employees and employers. All the owners of business are devils. The horns are there though you cannot see them. And no matter what your wages may be—they may be ten or fifty times that which is paid Japanese or other foreign labor—you are being ill-used. The owner is taking all the profit. He is rolling in wealth—a mean selfish skinflint.

These are the agitators' arguments—their stock in trade.

Why cannot the workers of this country see that capital and labor will make more profit if they work together, that the interests of the employer and the employee are closely allied?

A strike, if the government were to assume the responsibility that our Constitution requires, would simply mean a change of employees. The strikers would not be allowed to interfere with those who took their jobs.

But the government officials are catering to workers—they have the votes. And they are looking for the time when they can weave a web that will bind them down to rules and regulations that regimentation supplies.

Then strikes will be out of order. Then workers will take orders, and be made to like them, regardless of their own opinions.

Some of the NRA codes have destroyed huge business enterprises and the owners have to go to the government for help—which automatically means government control and in the end a low wage scale for wage earners.

The workers of this country should awaken and avoid the enemies that are within their midst, who are fooling them with claptrap arguments, and who will ultimately ensnare them with rules and regulations of a socialistic order which is not unlike fascism.

—BERNARR MACFADDEN.

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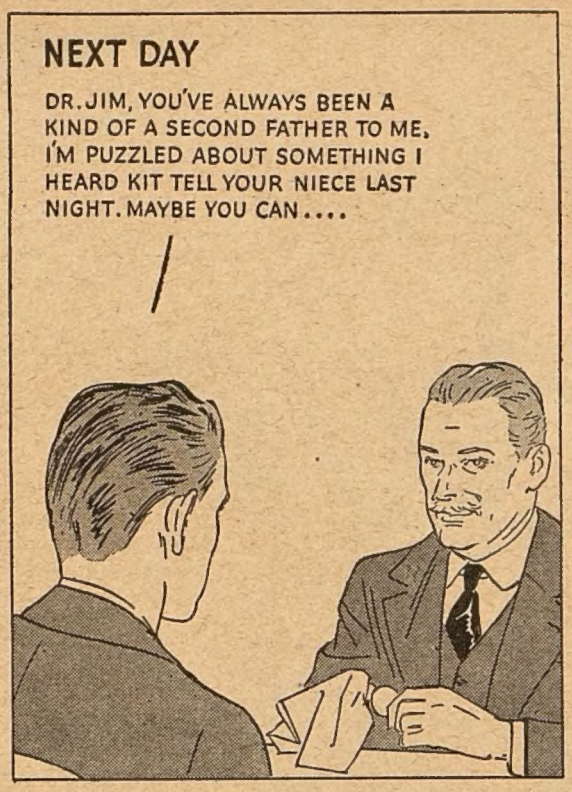
Published weekly by the Liberty Publishing Corporation, 1926 Broadway, Lincoln Square, New York, N. Y. Advertising Office, Graybar Building, 420 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y. Entered as second-class matter June 28, 1927, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1935, by Liberty Publishing Corporation in the United States, Great Britain, and Canada. All rights reserved. In the United States and possessions, in Canada, Newfoundland, and Labrador, 5¢ a copy, $2.00 a year. In Argentina, Bahamas, Bermuda, Bolivia, Brazil, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, Guatemala, Haiti, Jamaica, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Honduras, Salvador, Uruguay, Venezuela, $3.50 a year. In Continental Europe and British Empire, $5.00 a year. In all other countries, $6.00 a year. Contributors are especially advised to be sure to retain copies of their contributions, otherwise they are taking an unnecessary risk. Every effort will be made to return unavailable manuscripts, photographs, and drawings (if accompanied by first-class postage), but we will not be responsible for any losses of such matter contributed.

HOW TED LOST HIS "REPUTATION"

KIT, YOU TREAT THAT NICE-LOOKING MAN SHAMEFULLY! TELLING HIM YOU'RE TOO TIRED TO DANCE, THEN DANCING WITH OTHER MEN
PEG, YOU'RE NEW HERE. YOU DON'T KNOW THE REPUTATION TED HAS


NEXT DAY
DR. JIM, YOU'VE ALWAYS BEEN A KIND OF A SECOND FATHER TO ME. I'M PUZZLED ABOUT SOMETHING I HEARD KIT TELL YOUR NIECE LAST NIGHT. MAYBE YOU CAN....

"B.O." GONE — a favorite now!
SEEN TED ANYWHERE? I WANT TO REMIND HIM ABOUT MY PARTY NEXT WEEK
YOU'RE OUT OF LUCK, KIT. HE AND PEG DISAPPEARED AGES AGO. I BELIEVE THEY'RE ENGAGED....

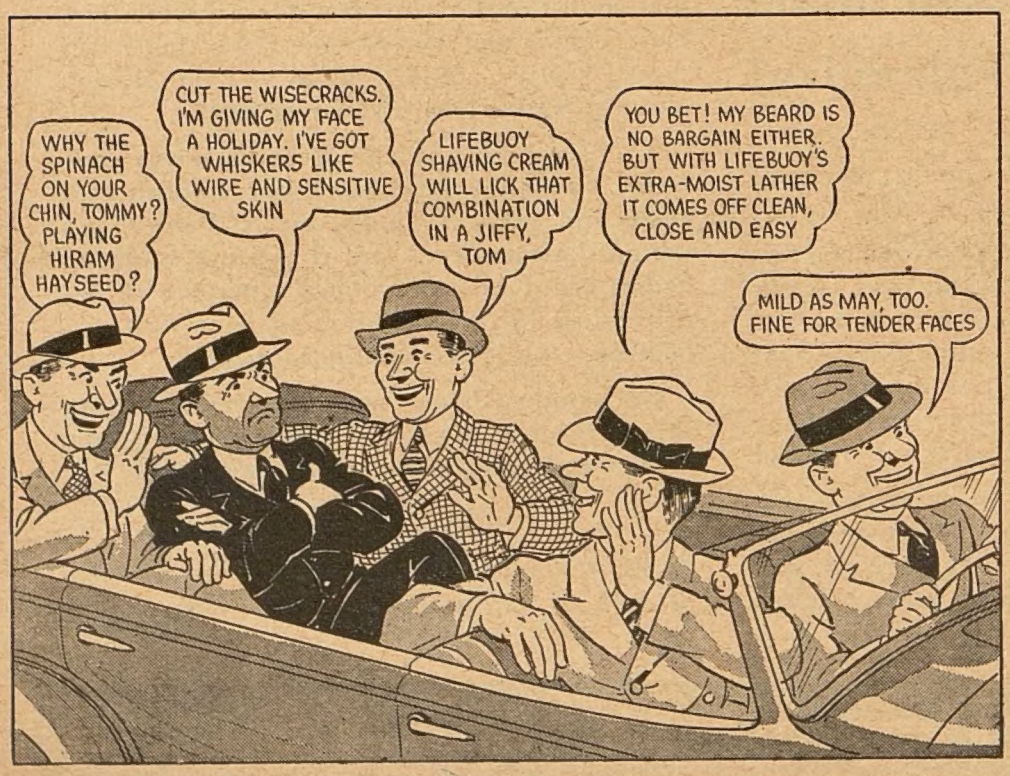
WHAT *is* the easy, inexpensive way to a lovely complexion? Lifebuoy! Its rich lather penetrates, deep-cleanses pores. Yet it's mild, gentle. Skin tests made on hundreds of women show it is more than 20 per cent milder than many so-called "beauty soaps."

NOT "for men only"

Men, women—*everybody* perspires a *quart* daily. Play safe against B.O. (*body odor*)—bathe with Lifebuoy. It protects — the pleasant, clean scent rinses away.

Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau

GIVING "TOUGH-BEARD" TOM THE WORKS

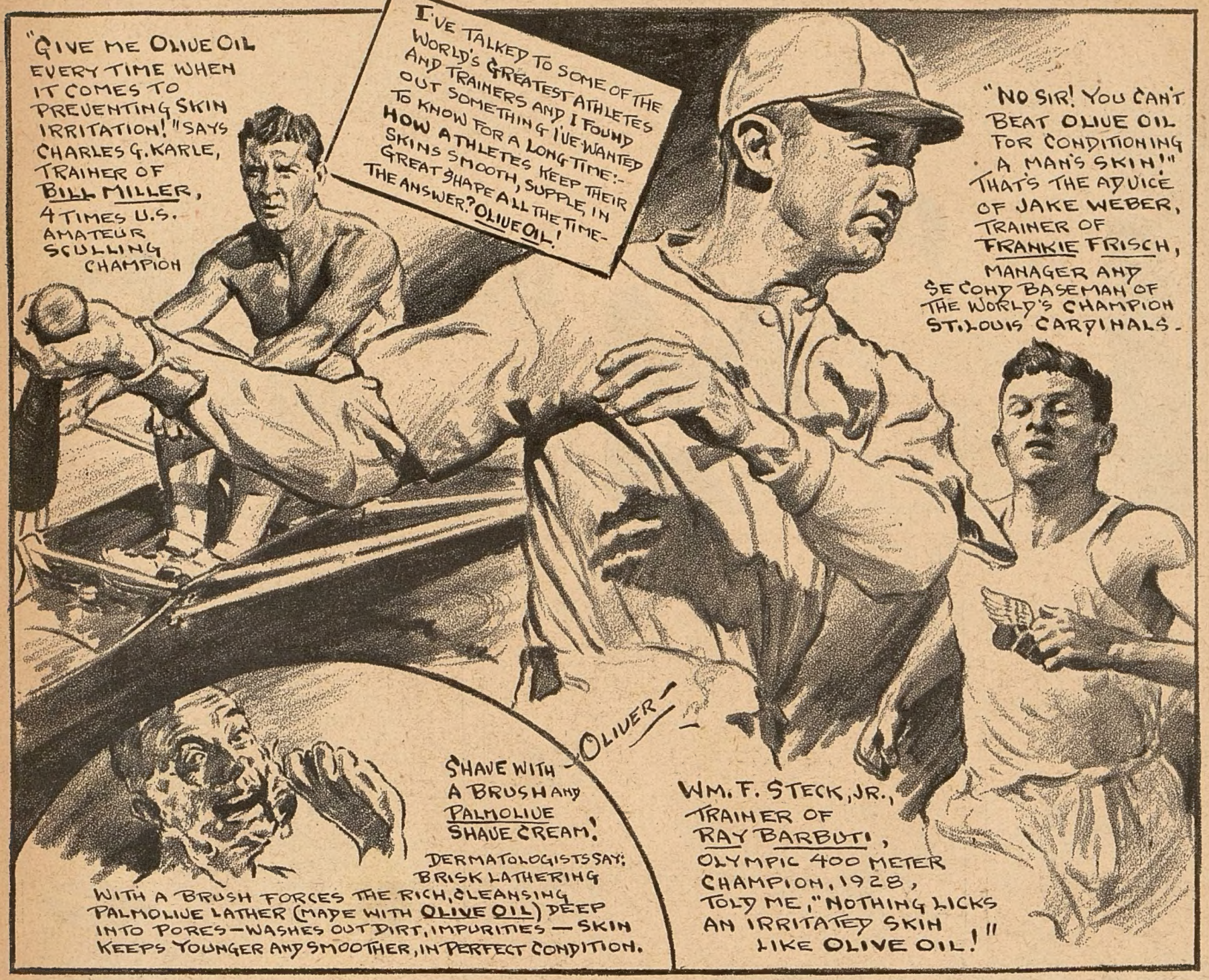

WHY THE SPINACH ON YOUR CHIN, TOMMY? PLAYING HIRAM HAYSEED?
CUT THE WISECRACKS. I'M GIVING MY FACE A HOLIDAY. I'VE GOT WHISKERS LIKE WIRE AND SENSITIVE SKIN
LIFEBUOY SHAVING CREAM WILL LICK THAT COMBINATION IN A JIFFY, TOM
YOU BET! MY BEARD IS NO BARGAIN EITHER. BUT WITH LIFEBUOY'S EXTRA-MOIST LATHER IT COMES OFF CLEAN, CLOSE AND EASY
MILD AS MAY, TOO. FINE FOR TENDER FACES

MEN—now you can get clean, close shaves every day—even twice a day, in perfect comfort, with Lifebuoy Shaving Cream. Its lather holds 52% more moisture — soaks tough beards soft, easy to shave. And it's decidedly milder — soothes the skin. Try it.

Send for a FREE trial tube

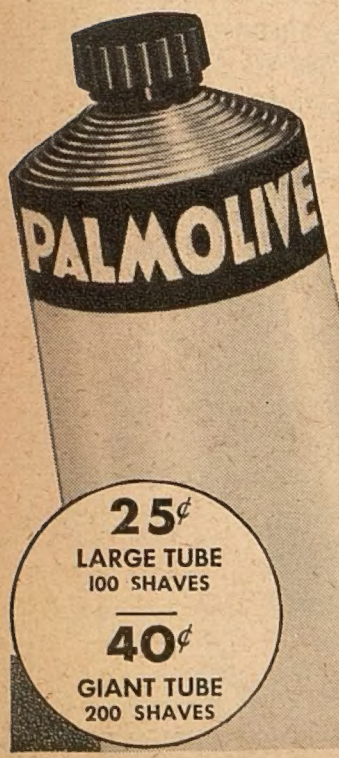
Write Lever Brothers Co., Dept. A-126, Cambridge, Mass. for a Free 12-day tube. *This offer good in U.S. only.*

"TAKING IT ON THE SKIN" BY -OLIVER-


"GIVE ME OLIVE OIL EVERY TIME WHEN IT COMES TO PREVENTING SKIN IRRITATION!" SAYS CHARLES G. KARLE, TRAINER OF BILL MILLER, 4 TIMES U.S. AMATEUR SCULLING CHAMPION
I'VE TALKED TO SOME OF THE WORLD'S GREATEST ATHLETES AND TRAINERS AND I FOUND OUT SOMETHING I'VE WANTED TO KNOW FOR A LONG TIME:- HOW ATHLETES KEEP THEIR SKINS SMOOTH, SUPPLE, IN GREAT SHAPE ALL THE TIME- THE ANSWER? OLIVE OIL!
"NO SIR! YOU CAN'T BEAT OLIVE OIL FOR CONDITIONING A MAN'S SKIN!" THAT'S THE ADVICE OF JAKE WEBER, TRAINER OF FRANKIE FRISCH, MANAGER AND SECOND BASEMAN OF THE WORLD'S CHAMPION ST. LOUIS CARDINALS.
-OLIVER-
SHAVE WITH A BRUSH AND PALMOLIVE SHAVE CREAM!
DERMATOLOGISTS SAY: BRISK LATHERING WITH A BRUSH FORCES THE RICH, CLEANSING PALMOLIVE LATHER (MADE WITH OLIVE OIL) DEEP INTO PORES—WASHES OUT DIRT, IMPURITIES — SKIN KEEPS YOUNGER AND SMOOTHER, IN PERFECT CONDITION.
WM. F. STECK, JR., TRAINER OF RAY BARBUTI, OLYMPIC 400 METER CHAMPION, 1928, TOLD ME, "NOTHING LICKS AN IRRITATED SKIN LIKE OLIVE OIL!"

TO PREVENT THAT RAZOR RAWNESS—

use the shaving cream made with Olive Oil . . . Palmolive!



ATHLETE or not, your skin takes plenty of punishment from your razor every day!

So, for the express purpose of preventing this after-shave irritation—of keeping your face fit and fresh, in perfect shape always—Palmolive Shave Cream is made with just the right amount of *Olive Oil!* And olive oil, as thousands of trainers, athletes and skin specialists know, can't be equaled for preventing skin irritation!

Change to this remarkably different shave cream! You will find also that, due to the unique Palmolive formula that includes olive oil, you get a richer, thicker, creamier lather. Lather that stands up on your face for a full ten minutes. Lather that *soothes* your face—that never dries or wilts while it gives you the closest, cleanest, easiest shave you ever had!

And see how fine and fresh it leaves your face! No sting! No burn! But smooth and clean and *soothed!* That's due to Palmolive's unique lotion-effect. And this same soothing action also tends to produce a permanent improvement in the condition of your skin . . . making it healthier, younger-looking!

No wonder Palmolive is the largest selling shave cream in the world. Why not get a tube today—and banish after-shave irritation?

★ ★ ★

As the final touch to a perfect shave—Palmolive After-Shave Talc and After-Shave Lotion.

PALMOLIVE SHAVING CREAM

Capitalism WON'T DIE

CARTOON BY
ROLLIN KIRBY

Despite the Prophets of Its Doom, the Patient Is Doing Well — and Nowhere, Says This Vitriolic Challenge, Better Than in Russia!

by

H. L. MENCKEN

READING TIME ● 13 [redacted] SECONDS

ON one thing, and on one thing only, all the wizards who now afflict the Republic seem to agree, and that is upon the proposition that capitalism is down with a multitude of boils and will presently be ready for the coroner. Here Tugwell and Upton Sinclair, Huey Long and Ickes, the La Follette boys and Father Coughlin, the literary scarecrows of the New Masses and the kept idealists of the New Republic all sing together lustily, with a funeral hymn as their lay. In a little while, they would have us believe, the immoral spectacle of any man putting another man to work for him will vanish from the world as too horrible to be borne, and the iniquity known as profits will cease and desist.

It all sounds, I confess, very lofty and noble, and I have no doubt that not a few of these jitney Habakkuks have actually convinced themselves that they talk sense. What is more, I do not doubt that they have also convinced a great many other people, some of whom, at least, ought to know better. But all the same the massive fact remains that what they give us is really only nonsense. There is nothing in it whatsoever. It is pure and un-

adulterated rubbish, hooey, blah. Capitalism is not only *not* dying in the world; it is perhaps more solidly established than it has ever been for a hundred years, and nowhere is it more solidly established than in the Zion of all such evangelists, to wit, Russia.

What was the chief thing that all Socialists complained of before Socialism got its big chance over there? It was the fact that the workman, under capitalism, had lost control of what they called "the means of production," which meant his tools. So long as the work of the world was done in small units and by simple man power, the workman's tools were his own property. He was a free agent, knuckling to no boss. When trade was slack at home workmen moved on, taking their tools with them. Wherever work was offered they settled down, and in an hour were earning their livings again.

But when machinery came in all this changed. It brought in tools of large size, great complexity, and heavy cost. They were soon too unwieldy to be toted about, and too expensive for the workman's purse. For a little while he got round the second difficulty by clubbing together with other workmen to buy them; but as they grew more and more costly he had to seek help outside his own ranks. That help came from the merchants of the time, who were its most enterprising men and had most of its ready money. They supplied the funds needed (*a*) to buy the new machinery, (*b*) to provide materials and to manage the selling of the product, (*c*) to pay the workman while that product was in process, and (*d*) to house and care for the machines when business was slack and no revenues were coming in.

Thus capitalism was born, and such is capitalism as we still know it in the world today. The capitalist, then as now, took a considerable risk. He had to gamble on the probability that his machines would really work, and that he could sell what they made, and at a profit. He had to lay out money for rent, taxes, materials, and wages while he was accumulating a stock, and to give his customers a certain amount of credit. Above all, he had to take the chance that some one would invent better machines and so make his plant useless. For all this he naturally demanded some compensation. And when times were good he demanded enough compensation to cover, if possible, his losses when times were bad.

That this system was, and is, far from perfect no one denies. A capitalist who is naturally hoggish, with no decent regard for the rights of others, still has plenty of chances to oppress his workmen. But his powers now have well defined bounds, and for years past those bounds have been steadily narrowing. Workmen have learned how to organize for their own protection, and laws have been passed to aid them. Factories have been made safer and more healthful. Profits have been taxed heavily, and in many cases they have been limited to a definite percentage of the capital risked.

AS a result there has been an enormous improvement in the condition of the workman. The Communists and other such frauds deny it, but it is a plain fact that he lives better than he ever did before, and has more leisure, and is more comfortable and secure in every way. Even allowing the most that may be said for his chief remaining affliction, the hazard of unemployment, he still goes through life much more pleasantly than his predecessors did before the days of machinery and capitalism. He eats better food, he lives in a better house, he wears better clothes, his children are better educated, and when he is sick he is better cared for.

All of us share this vast improvement in living conditions brought about by the capitalistic system. Its large accumulation of resources belongs only formally to stockholders, bondholders, and other such hobgoblins of the Red delirium. Every man, woman, and child derives a direct and valuable advantage from the fact that such things as railroads exist, and great textile mills, and large-scale farms, and steam printing presses, and cheap automobiles, and ready-made clothes, and great electric and gas plants, and canned foods, and mass entertainment —all of them the offspring of the viper of capitalism, and impossible to imagine without it.

Impossible to imagine? Yes, even in Russia

Bolsheviki, when they seized that unhappy country, were pledged, as a cardinal article of their faith, to wipe out capitalism altogether and restore to the workers complete control of "the means of production." But the first thing they did was to heave this article overboard. The Russian workman of today, far from being liberated from capitalism, is the slave of a kind of capitalism so greedy and so grasping that it would not be tolerated anywhere else in the world. It not only owns his tools; it also owns the miserable quarters in which he lives, the meager stores from which he must get his food and clothing, and the schools in which his children are taught. He can work only so long as he submits to its dictation. He must take whatever job it deigns to offer him and accept whatever wages it is willing to pay. The moment he resists its mandates he becomes a slave in law as well as in fact, and may be put to forced labor without any compensation whatever.

The American Reds try to make it appear that this Russian capitalism is not capitalism at all but something far grander and nobler. They fool no one, however, but themselves. In point of fact it meets their own definition of capitalism precisely—indeed much more closely than anything visible anywhere else. For it is a system grounded squarely upon a surplus accumulated not in the pockets of those who have earned it but in the pockets of those who have managed to collar it. And they have collared it by controlling "the means of production," and by no other means whatsoever.

THE Bolsheviki, I am convinced, are mainly scoundrels, but not many of them are fools. They went into office howling against capital, but they saw at once that their first and most important job was to accumulate it. The lack of it in their early years of power reduced half of Russia to starvation. There was no surplus to tide the people over seasons of poor crops; there was no money to buy the things that the country so desperately needed. Its old capital had either been destroyed in the war, or made off with by *émigrés*, or lost by the separation of Poland, where most of the Russian factories were. The Bolsheviki, disregarding their theories, saw quickly and clearly that they would have to gather together a new stock if they were to survive, and to that business they applied themselves at once, and with such ferocious energy that even to this day the Russian worker barely gets enough to eat.

All the rest of the product of his labor goes into capital. It is squeezed from him without mercy and put into grandiose power plants, enormous factories, and other such overgrown enterprises, or amassed in cash for the purchase of foreign supplies. The man whose labor earns it has no more to do with its management than a garage attendant has to do with the running of the Standard Oil Company. It is controlled absolutely by the capitalists who now own and operate the Russian government, and the fact that they are politicians rather than bankers or industrialists is certainly no help to the worker. On the contrary, it only makes his burden the heavier, for bankers and industrialists may at least be curbed by law, whereas in Russia, as elsewhere, law and politicians are identical.

This program of the Bolsheviki blows up at least half of the gaudy theory of Marxism, and convicts them of a kind of hypocrisy so gross that it is almost comic. Whatever they were saying yesterday, they are much too clever to believe today that any country pretending to be civilized could get on without the help of capitalism. They know that living from hand to mouth would wreck even the greatest of modern nations in a few years. They have made one change in the capitalistic system, and one change only, and that is to bar out all the ordinary sort of capitalists and gather the whole capital of the country into their own hands.

But that is a change which seems to be possible in Russia only. The people of every really enlightened country resist it stoutly, and will go on resisting it until the last galoot's ashore. Above all, the people of the United States will resist it. They know all about the evils of

vate capital, but they also know that there are evils

much worse. We have still a long way to go before capi-

talism is really tamed, and a still farther way to go before it is made intelligent, but every one not a complete idiot must know that we have made some progress. If Jay Gould arose from the grave tomorrow and attempted the skulduggeries that went unchallenged in 1875, he would go to jail at once. And if John D. Rockefeller, Jr., returned to the devices that seemed so clever in his father in 1885 he would be locked up as a lunatic.

The history of private capitalism, allowing for everything that may be said against it, at least shows that steady improvement in common decency. And by the same token it shows a steady increase in human comfort and human security.

The politicians of the Western world, though they are almost unanimously rogues, have performed a useful function in watching the capitalists and keeping them within bounds. Capital is uneasy while the politicians are on the rampage and often yields up something to silence their yowling. Contrariwise, capital is one of the chief bulwarks of the people against the frauds and forays of politicians. Over and over again in American history its influence has been thrown against a demagogue who would have ruined the country if he had got into office, and over and over again it has succeeded in disposing of him.

So long as the capitalists and the politicians remain at odds, watching each other and sounding loud alarms, there is some chance for the rest of us to come by our own. But when one outfit takes over all the powers and functions of both and becomes omnipotent and beyond challenge, there can be only woe for every one else.

Well, that is exactly what has happened in Russia. The politicians are now free to carry on without asking leave of any one, and what they have achieved is visible to any eye. Not only have the Russians lost all their property; they have also lost all their liberties. Not only are they forbidden to *have* anything that their bosses don't choose to give them; they are also forbidden to *say* anything, or even to *think* anything, that their bosses don't want to hear.

THIS is the inevitable result of Bolshevism at all times and everywhere, by whatever name it may be called. As soon as the natural and ages-old opposition between accumulated capital and political power breaks down, and one side engulfs the other, all the rights and liberties of the people are destroyed. It makes no difference which side wins. If the politicians win we have the kind of slave state that now offends the world in Russia. And if, helped by the fear of Bolshevism, the capitalists win, then we have the kind of slave state that now offends the world in Italy and Germany. Both abolish free speech, a free press, and the right of free assemblage the instant they get into power. Both reduce the citizen to a subject and the subject to a serf.

Certainly no sensible American wants to subject himself and his country to any such tyrannies and brutalities as those which now pass as normal in Russia and in the countries that have thrown away their liberties in desperate efforts to avoid going down the Russian chute. We have been brought up to believe that baiting millionaires is good sport and that every freeborn citizen ought to be at liberty to pursue it as his heart listeth. And we have been brought up to believe that chasing and unhorsing politicians is also good sport and that practicing it is not only an inalienable right but also a high duty.

But we have *not* been brought up to believe that a civilized country can get on without a stock of accumulated capital, or that every man who has a hand in accumulating it is a scoundrel. We all know that without it this country would have remained a wilderness—that we owe to it not only our vast material resources but also all the spiritual possessions that measure our civilization—schools and universities, libraries, orchestras, magazines and newspapers, parks and playgrounds.

These possessions, of course, fall far short of what they might have been. We have wasted a great deal more of our accumulated capital than we have invested wisely. A part of it has been dissipated in silly ostentation by individuals who have got control of too much of it, and a much larger part has been made off with by politicians. But when all is said and done, the fact remains that the Library of Congress is a really noble monument to the industry and thrift of the American people, and that its immense cultural value is shared equally by every American who has been endowed with enough intelligence to use it.

And the fact remains that the Johns Hopkins Medical School is another, and the Philadelphia Orchestra a third, and so on to the end of the chapter.

I MIGHT add a long list of institutions that remain under the control of private capitalists. Can any sensible man fail to see that such a corporation as the Pennsylvania Railroad, for example, is immensely more than a mere snap for its stockholders—that its public usefulness far transcends its private value? Or the Bell telephone system? Or the New York Times? Or the Ford automobile works? Or a great brewery? Or the great chains of grocery, drug, shoe, and tobacco stores?

Every Red has something to say against these typically American enterprises and against all others like them, but he forgets to add that every one of them is imitated by his fellow Reds in Russia—imitated incompetently to be sure, but still with vast diligence and unconcealed envy. Russia, in truth, becomes a sort of inflated burlesque of the United States, with all of the evils of capitalism and none of the solid benefits. Its trains are filthy and never come in on time, its telephones do not work, its newspapers contain no news, its gigantic rolling mills and automobile works pay starvation wages and are always breaking down.

There you have at once all the proof that is needed of the necessity of capitalism in the modern world. And there you have equal proof that private capitalism, whatever its defects, is enormously more competent than the capitalism of professional politicians.

Nine tenths of the burbling against capitalism which now goes on in the United States is not done by wise and honest men, schooled in the lessons of history and sincere friends of liberty and justice. It is done by a rabble of whining and inferior mountebanks, some of them politicians and some of them even worse, who look with longing eyes at what is on display in Russia. Failures under the American system, they believe that they would come to power and consequence under the Russian system. Envious of their betters, they dream idiotically of getting on top by changing the rules. That is all that you will find in the doctrine that capitalism is down with boils and will presently be ready for the coroner.

THE END

by

PHYLLIS DUGANNE

READING TIME
33 MINUTES 33 SECONDS

THE offices of the Scudder, Pratt Company stirred into life. Noises which throughout the day had been mechanical gave way to human sounds. Stenographers ceased to be typewriters and became young women applying powder and lipstick, talking and laughing. David Scudder called loudly, "Martin, come here a minute, will you?" where a few minutes before he would have pressed a button. Young Walker was whistling, and one of the girl copy writers was singing softly to herself in the office next to George Emerson's.

It was not only five o'clock, but it was Friday, and it was spring.

George Emerson went on with his work. If he finished this job now, he could have all Saturday and Sunday free—dig up the gardens for Molly tomorrow, get done with the dozens of domestic chores that accumulated during the week, and keep the Sabbath for golf. It looked like good weather ahead. The afternoon sun was pouring over his stooped shoulders; it found glints of red in his brown hair, and the girl who appeared at the open door of his office paused on the threshold and stood looking at him for a full minute before she spoke, an oddly speculative look in her dark eyes.

"Mr. Emerson," she said at last.

He lifted his head. "Oh, hello, Miss Frazer—come on in." He clipped the papers on his desk together and slid them into a drawer, looking up at her. Jean Frazer was a newcomer to the Scudder, Pratt advertising agency; fresh from college; a lanky, dark-eyed girl. He had worked with her on one account; she was clever and intelligent.

CAN IT BE

A Story of Three Hearts an

the SPRING?

n Interlude of Madness

Jean and Molly were both wearing white, and George felt a pang when they returned. Jean was so tall and supple and young.

ILLUSTRATION BY GERALD LEAKE

She was smiling. "I'm going out to Stamford for the week end, and it just occurred to me that that's where you live and we could take the same train," she said.

"I drive out," he answered, and hesitated. "If you'd like to ride with me, be glad to have you," he added diffidently. "My car's a terrible old rattletrap, though."

"I'd love to," she accepted quickly. She stood watching him as he hitched himself into his overcoat. "You've buttoned it wrong!" she told him, laughing, and stepped toward him and buttoned it properly. "There!" she said, and gave him a little pat.

He blinked. "Where's your bag?"

His car, which had been secondhand four years ago, was parked in an open lot some six blocks from the office, and as they walked together along the sidewalk, George Emerson was pleasantly conscious of the girl striding beside him. She was, he realized, very smart in her gray-blue suit, with the gay red-and-blue-striped linen blouse and small red hat. He felt himself unusually shabby and dusty and unpressed. He straightened his habitually stooped shoulders, and Jean Frazer exclaimed, "Good Lord, man, you're an Empire State Building when you stand straight, aren't you? How tall are you?"

"About six three," he answered, and continued to hold his shoulders back. He ought to go to a gymnasium.

He swung the car into the traffic. It was so disreputable a car that one really should have been a millionaire to dare be seen in it, and

the girl beside him glowed with youth and color and laughter. People looked at her.

The left rear tire blew out just as they entered the Hutchinson River Parkway. "Damn!" said George.

"What a shame!" Jean Frazer said sympathetically. She got out with him and surveyed the ruin. "I guess it's gone, isn't it?"

He nodded grimly. More than the tire was gone; the new mashie he'd been planning to get next week was gone with it.

She stood watching as he removed the old tire, handed him the nuts as he put on the new.

"The question is," said George, rising, "do we buy a new tire now, or do we take a chance on getting home without a spare?"

"Oh, let's take a chance," said Jean Frazer, exactly as though she knew that George had only two dollars in his pocket. "Let's tempt fate."

The second blowout skidded them on to the grass edging the road in New Rochelle.

Jean looked at her wrist watch. "There must be a garage near by. Why don't we find it and let them worry about the car while we get something to eat? I'm starved."

He hesitated. He'd have to get the new tires anyway; it was cheaper to drive to the office than to commute by train. The garage would probably take his check; they'd have to. "All right," he agreed, and then flushed. He hadn't enough money to take her to dinner.

"I've got about forty dollars," she said casually, "in case you haven't enough cash with you."

His flush deepened. "Look here," he told her. "You can get a train for Stamford. There's no sense in your waiting around."

"But I'd like to!" she insisted, and George Emerson felt a warmth spreading in his chest. It was not displeasing that a young and pretty girl should enjoy his company.

THEY found a garage and arranged about the car. "Where's a good place to get dinner?" George asked the mechanic.

"Want to dance?"

"Yes," Jean said, decidedly, before George could answer.

"I look pretty shabby to go to a place like this," he protested as they entered the roadhouse.

"Nobody's going to look at your clothes, silly!" As she looked up at him that odd warmth pervaded him again, and he grinned, rather foolishly. Damned if this kid didn't like him!

It was years since George Emerson had done much dancing; his height and the length of his legs made dancing with the average woman uncomfortable. Molly was a tiny thing. Jean Frazer, he realized now, was unusually tall for a girl.

"I knew you'd be an elegant dancer," she said, when they returned to their oysters. "The first time I saw you, last September when I got my job—" She laughed. "Do you know what you were doing the first time I saw you? You were running a toy tractor over your desk, and Mr. Scudder and Tommy Walker were with you—for all the world like three little boys!"

"I remember," said George. "I got it for Billy's birthday."

"Is Billy your son?"

He nodded. Funny that she should have remembered that, all these months.

"You have just one child?"

"Two. Billy's five and Barbara's seven."

"Do they look like you?"

He smiled. "Molly—my wife—says Billy does. Babs is little and blonde like her."

"Little and blonde!" Jean Frazer repeated. "Magic words! The ideal of all clumsy great dark girls like me! Is Molly pretty?"

George blinked. "Why—yeah." He grinned. "Yes, she's pretty." He had almost added that he had not looked at her lately. The Molly Lane he had married eight years ago had been very pretty. "Want to dance again?" She had called herself a clumsy dark girl. "It's nice to dance with some one tall," he said.

She looked up, her face close to his. "I think so, too." Involuntarily his arm tightened about her.

They danced again while the waiter removed the entree. Jean Frazer's eyes were shining, soft.

"Want to know something shameful?" she asked. "I prayed that that second tire would go!"

"You're a funny kid," said George.

"Kid!" she protested. "I'm twenty-two."

He laughed. He was thirty-two; he had been with the Scudder, Pratt Company for seven years. The waiter brought the check. Jean handed George a roll of bills, and he flushed. "I'll make you out a check for twenty-five."

"Pay me Monday," she said.

He made out the check anyway, to Cash. "Discreet man!" she teased him. "Shall we dance once more before we go?"

ONCE more. It was undoubtedly the last time he would ever dance with her, and he was fully aware now that he held her young body close, aware of her face upturned to his. She was enjoying herself, enjoying dancing with him, and it made him feel young, as though he had not felt young in years. The music ended.

"I suppose we'd better go," he said regretfully.

"I suppose so," she agreed.

They were both suddenly grave as they went out to claim the disreputable car with its two new tires. Two tires! He had had no right, George told himself severely, to go to that place for dinner. He had not taken Molly to a smart restaurant in months; nor gone himself to anything but the cafeteria, around the corner from the office, in years.

"We must dance again," Jean Frazer said as they drove off. "I mean, get your Molly and another man and make a foursome, in New York, sometime."

George snorted. He and Molly had neither the clothes nor the money for that sort of thing. "We're old married people," he said. "Our days for playing around are over, my child."

Her fingers grasped his arm. "That's not so!" she cried. "You're young! You're just the perfect age! You—" Her voice choked and she turned her head away.

He stared down at her. "Why—Jean!" He drew the car to the curb. "You're crying!" he said. "What's the matter?"

She lifted her wet face; her mouth was trembling like a child's mouth, and tears coursed down her cheeks. "Oh—life's so awful!" she wailed. And suddenly she put out one arm and drew his head down, kissed him swiftly on the lips.

George started the car without speaking, drove on, aware that she was looking at him intently, her eyes wide. He did not know that his own bewildered eyes were soft.

"Here's the house," she said softly. She did not ask him to come in with her; he got her bag from the roadster and set it down. "Good night, George." They did not even shake hands. She smiled tremulously, picked up her suitcase, and walked up the path to the lighted doorway at the end. . . .

Usually, on Saturday and Sunday morning, when George opened his eyes at half past six, he gave the throttled alarm clock a derisive glance before he rolled over to sleep for two more hours. This morning, like all the seven years of Saturdays, he awoke, remembered that he need not get up—and then, instead of falling back to sleep, went on remembering. He heard Molly moving in the room next to his; heard the children, with Saturday-morning quiet, shuffling down the hall. "Sh-h-h!" Molly whispered. "Daddy's asleep."

He did not move until he heard them descend the stairs. Then he got up and walked to the mirror. He was almost surprised to see the young man reflected there. It was not so much that he had thought himself old as that he had not thought about himself at all. He whistled cheerfully as he dressed.

"Why, hello," said Molly, when he entered the kitchen. "You're up early!"

"Got to get those gardens started," he said. He looked at her, stirring the cereal, her fair hair tucked behind her ears, her blue eyes bright. Jean Frazer had asked if Molly was pretty; the answer, he thought, was decidedly affirmative. "How many new tires d'you suppose I had to buy last night?"

"Five?" she suggested, with her funny crooked smile.

"Two," he said. "Had two blowouts before I hit New Rochelle."

"I suspected as much. What made you so late?"

What made him so late? George Emerson, who in eight years of marriage had never lied to his wife, answered easily, "Oh, I was late getting started. I ran into Sam Carter and had a couple of drinks with him and we had dinner together."

Molly stopped stirring the cereal. "Sam Carter?"

"Yeah," said George. "What's funny about that?"

She was looking at him with an odd expression. "It's all right with me, darling," she said. "Call the children, will you?"

All day he worked out of doors. A hired gardener. He was on the links at seven Sunday morning. Exercise in the open—that was the way to keep fit.

As he drove toward New York in the Monday-morning stream of cars he felt almost bursting with a sense of life and well-being. This was the way a man ought to feel!

"You know," young Walker said to him, "you're almost offensively cheerful for a Monday morning, Emerson."

George grinned. "It's the spring."

His telephone was ringing. "Why, hello, Sam—Molly and I were talking about you yesterday. How've you been?" His grin faded, froze.

"I stopped in at your house Friday night," Sam was saying. "Thought maybe I could get you out to the Howlands' for a poker game."

"Oh," said George hollowly.

Young Walker was grinning as George hung up the receiver.

SO that was why Molly had looked so strange! She had known that he was lying. Why hadn't she said so? It wasn't as though he had anything to conceal. It was just that he had never mentioned Jean Frazer to Molly, never thought of mentioning her, and—

"Hello!" She stood in his doorway, wearing a dress of soft yellow wool, and her hair and eyes glowed darkly; her mouth was crimson against the olive of her skin.

"Hello," said George without any enthusiasm.

She had a sheaf of papers in her hand. "This is the dope on the Kingsley account," she explained, coming in. "Mr. Scudder suggested that we go over it together." She smiled. "Gosh, I had a lovely time Friday night!"

George took the papers, unsmiling. "Kingsley, heh? What do they think they want, anyway?"

They were hard at work at twelve thirty. She was easy to work with; her quick mind would seize a tentative suggestion from him and give it form and substance. George's sullen mood faded beneath the exhilaration of their work.

"I'm so hungry I'm faint," she declared abruptly. "Let's take some of this stuff with us and keep on while we eat."

George frowned. "Bad for the digestion. I'm not hungry, anyway—you trot along and get your lunch."

"I'd rather wait for you," she said.

He laughed. "You're a forward piece! Go eat your lunch and leave elderly married men alone."

"Elderly!" she cried.

"Anyway," he said, "you wouldn't like my favored eating place. It's a one-arm emporium."

"I love 'em," she retorted, laughing in his face.

As they halted outside the clattering cafeteria where he had lunched for seven years, George saw it for the first time as it really was—noisy, ugly, vulgar.

"We can't work there," he said. "There's an Italian place a couple of blocks further, where we can be quiet."

THE Italian place had that subtle air of romance and intrigue which small Latin restaurants so often manage to achieve.

In the old days, before they were married, he had taken Molly here often; and now he began rehearsing what he would say to her that evening when he returned home:

"Why the devil didn't you tell me I was a liar, Molly? As a matter of fact, I had dinner with one of the girls from the office. I don't know why I concealed it—trying to get mysterious in my old age, I guess."

It sounded—flat. And anyway, when he reached his house that night, Peg and Ed Robbins were there for dinner, and there was no opportunity to talk to Molly alone. Afterward—well, he just forgot about it. It wasn't important.

He and Jean Frazer lunched together every day while they worked on the Kingsley campaign. She paid for her own lunches; but even so George found himself spending much more money than usual. Wine or an occasional cocktail, which naturally he insisted upon buying; once he bought her some flowers from a boy who came to their table. He began to dread the first of the month, when Molly, who managed their finances, would note the frequency of small checks made out to Cash. She managed so frugally; she drew out so little for herself.

"George," Jean said, one day as they sat down at their table in an Armenian garden-restaurant they had discovered, "I've got two tickets for the Philharmonic tonight. Couldn't you stay in town and go with me?"

He looked across at her, half amused and half irritated; it was not the first time that she had had tickets. "You know I can't," he said.

She made a gesture of irritation. "Honestly, in this day and age, would your wife object—"

"Jean!" His voice was unusually deep, almost harsh. "You'd better get this straight, once and for all. Molly never objects to anything I do. I prefer to go home."

In an instant she was transformed from a self-confident young business woman to a disappointed child. He watched her bite her trembling underlip. "My mistake," she said stiffly.

"Oh, don't be a little fool," he told her uncomfortably. "You know I'd like to go with you, Jean, but—"

"But what?" she demanded, so eagerly that he laughed.

"Are you trying to break up my happy home, Miss Frazer?" he asked banteringly.

She looked straight into his eyes. "Of course."

George's eyes fell. "That isn't funny," he stated.

"Are you telling me?" asked Jean.

He shook his head. She was just a child, he told himself; he must not lose his sense of proportion. How amused Molly would be! He thought again about telling her. "There's a kid in the office who has a case on me. Honestly, I feel like Clark Gable! I've never been so admired in my life. She—" Jean dusted his desk for him; she sharpened his pencils; performed an embarrassing number of small attentions. Hell, you couldn't tell your wife things like that! Not even Molly.

"I'm having a birthday next week," she said abruptly, "and I'm giving myself a party, and you and Molly have got to come, George. I want to meet her."

He laughed. "Molly and I don't go to children's parties," he said teasingly.

Instead of sulking, she smiled. "I'll write her," she said. "You'd better tell her first!" There was defiance in her smile, determination in the tilt of her chin. "Please, George!"

THE next morning, they were working in his office, chairs drawn close together, Jean's smooth dark head close to George's rumpled brown one, when Molly came in.

"Hello!" she called from the doorway, and George got up, blinking, and Jean, like a well bred schoolgirl, rose to her feet.

"Why, hello, Molly," said George. "What are you doing in the big city? This is Miss Frazer—Mrs. Emerson."

"How do you do, Miss Frazer?" said Molly. "Peg and I drove in," she explained to her husband.

Jean's dark eyes were measuring George Emerson's wife, noting the year-before-last suit and the washable gloves; noting, too, the almost pure gold of the hair that escaped beneath her black hat, the clever, level eyes, as blue as cornflowers.

"I was going to write you a note today, Mrs. Emerson," she said. "I'm having a party next week and I want you and George to come."

"Thank you," said Molly.

George did not understand how it was done, yet he realized that in some subtle manner Molly had dismissed Jean. Rather awkwardly and suddenly years younger in manner, Jean left the office.

"Peg's having lunch with her mother, so I thought we might go out together," said Molly. "Maybe our old Italian place."

A shadow crossed George's face. "Oh, no!" he said. "I mean it's terribly run down." Molly was smiling at him. "Of course, if you want to go there—"

She shook her head. "I don't care where we go, darling." She crossed to his window and stood looking out. "New York is magnificent," she murmured. She turned. "Pretty girl, that Miss Frazer—she looks clever."

"Yes," said George, feeling bewildered without knowing why. "Yes, she is clever." . . .

The Kingsley account was finished, and David Scudder called George and Jean into his office.

"Swell work, you two!" he told them. "The Kingsley crowd are almost maudlin over what you've done. From now on I'm going to keep you two working together." Jean grinned at George. "Now get this. Phil Seward had lunch with Kingsley yesterday and came away all sold on the idea of a similar campaign for his line—you know, they handle trick water gadgets: surfboards and rubber ducks and canvas boats, and stuff like that. He'd like us to do for him just what we've done for Kingsley. But he wants it pronto. It would mean working nights—working just about eighteen hours a day. How about it?"

Jean looked at George. "It's O. K. with me," she said, and her voice had an undisguised note of triumph.

George hesitated.

"Of course, Mr. Scudder," continued Jean sweetly, "I think we both rate a raise for being so good."

David Scudder looked at her amusedly. "Oh, you do, do you? Suppose you take that up with the business department."

"Suppose *you* take it up with 'em," she suggested.

He laughed. "What d'you say, Emerson?"

"I'll have to think it over," said George. "When would we start?"

"The sooner the better." He looked at George sharply. "Want to talk it over with the wife, I presume. Suppose you let me know tomorrow. Or knock off now and go home and start the family argument."

"It won't be that," said George stiffly. "I'll let you know in the morning."

"George, you'd be insane to turn this down!" Jean told him when they were back in his office.

"I'll think it over," he repeated stubbornly.

"Think it over!" she echoed. "Anyway, you and Molly and I can talk it over tonight."

"Tonight?"

She looked at him impatiently. "It's my party!"

"Oh," said George.

MOLLY had had no intention of going to Jean's party, she told George. "Why, darling, I have nothing to wear; and even if I had a new Lanvin gown, it wouldn't look like anything by the time we reached New York!"

"Then I won't go," said George. "I just thought—it's a good opportunity for the three of us to talk over this Seward job."

"Since when," asked Molly quietly, "do we have to talk over our affairs with a third person, George?"

"Look here," he said. "Can't you get a new dress? My commission on the Kingsley work—"

"Will pay for Billy's camp," said Molly.

He frowned. "Well, but see—why don't you pack your things in a suitcase and we'll get a room at a hotel and you can take a bath and get dressed there?"

Molly looked at him intently; then she shrugged. "Oh, it doesn't matter. If you want me to go, I'll go."

Jean Frazer's apartment was the parlor floor of a remodeled brownstone house. Two long rooms, with sliding glass doors between, and a long dinner table set for twelve.

"Isn't it wonderful about the Seward job?" Jean greeted Molly.

"Marvelous," said Molly, and followed her to the dressing room where the guests left their wraps.

Jean and Molly were both wearing white, and George felt a pang when they returned together. Jean was so tall and supple and young in her close-fitting white satin, and Molly was so little and rounded and pretty in a white chiffon that even he knew was somehow not quite right. He did not know that she had lengthened it with an extra flounce; he saw only that, where other women's dresses swept to the floor in a single graceful line, Molly's descended in tiers.

Jean introduced her guests—Tommy Walker from the office, and the rest strangers. They were all young, all younger than George and Molly, and most of them advertising people; one newspaperman and one girl press agent. It was natural that they should talk shop, natural that they should discuss the Kingsley work and the Seward project.

At eleven some one suggested that they go out and dance.

"We'd better ease toward home, don't you think?" George asked Molly. She shrugged, and he added, surprised, "Why, would you like to dance?"

She laughed. "No, George."

Molly did most of the talking as they drove home. That he would undertake the Seward job had been agreed without any discussion. They had had, Molly reminded him now, repeated opportunities to rent the Stamford house for the summer. "And I think we'd better," she was saying. "I can take the children out of school and go to the Cape, near mother, and live all summer on the rent money. Stamford's expensive, and anyway there's no sense in my living there if you're away. This Seward job may be the first of several—and you ought to take it, George. You can come up to the Cape for your vacation—"

He was torn between relief and a feeling almost of panic. "I hate to have you leave me, Molly," he blurted in such a dismal voice that she laughed and leaned forward and kissed him.

"I'm not leaving you forever, idiot!" She sat very straight. "I never would, George—unless you wanted me to," she added.

"Well, that's never," he said decidedly.

HE and Jean commenced work the next morning. Two days later he went down to Grand Central Station to see Molly and the children off.

"Be good, George, and take care of yourself!"

"I will," he promised, and went back to work.

Jean Frazer was tireless. Night after night they worked until twelve and one and two o'clock. George was staying at the Harvard Club. He would take Jean home in a taxi, drop her at her door, and fall asleep in the cab on the way uptown.

"Come over and have breakfast with me tomorrow," she invited him the first Saturday after Molly had gone. "We're going to crack if we don't get some relaxation. Come about ten, and we'll read the papers like the leisure classes, and do a little work later."

May was hot, a foretaste of New York summer, and Jean was wearing ivory-colored satin pajamas when she opened her door. The apartment was cool and shadowy and mysteriously remote from the outer world.

The breakfast table was drawn before the couch, and she sat beside him, pouring his coffee, buttering his toast.

"I wish you could have breakfast here every morning!" she said wistfully.

He laughed. "Sounds like a proposal."

"Maybe it is," she said. "How about it, George?"

"Jean—Jean!" He looked at her helplessly. She was so lovely and lank and *young*. It was strange, the way his mind kept reverting to her youth, as though he and Molly were old. Thirty-two wasn't old. But Jean was so untroubled by all the things that had been harassing him for years, the suburban things, the taxes, the furnace, the children's doctor and dentist bills.

She stirred, and the ivory satin shimmered over her slim body. "You look so tired!" she said tenderly. She brushed her cheek, smooth and scented with gardenia, against his cheek; and he sighed and suddenly turned his head and kissed her fresh lips. "Darling!" said Jean softly. "Oh, George, I love you so much!"

Even as he held Jean Frazer more closely, he thought of Molly. But he was tired, and this girl's love was so fresh and sweet and comforting.

She sighed. "Oh, George, you love me a little, don't you?"

A little? It wasn't much to say. "Yes," he murmured, and he brushed her hair back from her forehead and looked at her wonderingly.

It was strange, sitting so with Jean, that he felt no infidelity to Molly. This was something different, something apart. In a way, Jean had become as much his life as Molly and the children. There was no conflict. Jean was work and youth, and Molly was—well, she was Molly.

They finished the Seward account triumphantly, and spent the entire next week in a reaction of gaiety—of theatergoing and dancing until two and three o'clock, as late as they had worked the week before. George had a feeling of rebirth. After seven years of daily commuting, of returning nightly to noisy children and domestic details, this life he was living seemed Elysian.

"Do you love me?" Jean would demand avidly. "I love you," he would answer her. How could he help loving her? Stamford and Molly and the children became a dream; dancing and going places with Jean Frazer were the only reality.

At dinner, early in June, Jean suddenly pushed her demitasse aside and leaned her elbows on the table, looking across at him with serious dark eyes. "George, I have an idea!"

No intelligent man or woman, she told him, wanted to work for some one else forever. No matter how high a salary one drew, it was still a salary and could be stopped at a moment's notice.

"We work well together," said Jean. "We supplement each other. Already several firms know us personally, apart from Scudder, Pratt. Isn't that so?" He nodded and she drew a deep breath. "I have five thousand dollars, George. I inherited it from my grandfather when I was twenty-one and I've never touched it. I'd like to touch it now. I'd like to get out, with you, and start our own agency."

"But I couldn't use your money—let you take all the risk!" he protested. They were both silent. "Gosh, I'll bet we could take both Kingsley and Seward with us!" he burst out.

"Of course we could. And the Weber outfit. And—" She reached across the table and took his hand. "Let's go back to my apartment and talk about it."

He couldn't do it, George kept telling himself—set out on a girl's money. Yet the longer they discussed it, the more it seemed the only sensible thing to do. Jean sat in the armchair across the room from him, her face intent, figuring on a pad of paper. Rent, office expenses, salaries—

"OH, George, we'd be crazy not to!" she told him. "We could do anything together! We supplement each other in every way. There's no height we couldn't reach—"

George stared at her, startled by the intensity of her voice. Color was high in her cheeks and her eyes were brilliant. The girl was actually beautiful, he realized, with a pang; splendid, like a young goddess.

"I knew it the first minute I saw you!" she was saying. "When you were playing with that toy tractor. Oh, I know that Molly loves you in her way—but it isn't like my love, George! We can work together, go hand in hand in everything, always!" Fiercely she sprang to her feet and went over to him, took his face in her hands and looked searchingly into his eyes. "Don't you know that that's true?" she demanded. "Don't you know that there's no turning back now—that it's you and me?" Before he could answer, her mouth was close against his. "Oh, George, I love you so!"

George closed his eyes and his arms tightened about her. "I love you," he said almost mechanically. "I—"

He pushed her away. "Jean, we're crazy! This can't go on!"

"I know it can't," she said. "It's terrible. We're meant to be together."

For an instant they looked at each other, and then she was back in his arms, and George held her tightly, possessively. Youth, success, the whole bright world seemed suddenly personified by this slender blade of a girl who loved him so fiercely. What if it were her money that started them? They both knew that they would succeed, were bound for success. The five thousand would be paid back in a few months. George Emerson began laughing exultantly, recklessly, crushing her in his strong arms. No more petty worries, no more tedious details of existence.

"George!" cried Jean. "George, you're choking me!" She pulled herself away and crouched, looking at him almost fearfully. "Man, you don't know your strength!" she said.

"Neither do you, yet," he retorted; and as he reached out for her, she backed away beyond his arms and stood staring at him.

"It's two o'clock, George," she said. "You'd better get back to the club, and tomorrow—"

He shook his head. "I'm not going back to the club," he told her. He sat laughing at her, his huge shoulders rising above the back of the couch, his eyes bright. And suddenly he seemed like a stranger to her. He felt himself tremendously strong and confident and almost bursting with happiness, as though his whole body had been charged like a battery. "Do you love me, Jean?" It was the first time that he had ever asked her that. "Come over here!"

"You've got to go, George," she repeated.

"Little fool!" he said tenderly. "Oh, my dear, what difference does it make—now?" He got up, and again she backed away from him, her eyes alarmed. "Jean—you lovely, crazy girl—" She stood stiff and unresponsive in his embrace, and suddenly he let her go and stood staring at her. "All right," he said in a very quiet flat voice.

She did not move while he picked up his hat. Something had happened to him; it was like wine when all the bubbles have gone. The room was almost oppressive with anticlimax.

"George!" she cried suddenly, in panic. "Oh, my darling—"

"See you tomorrow," he said.

She ran after him to the door. "I do love you, George. You know that! I—"

His smile seemed ironic. "Good night," he said, and went out.

THE buses had stopped running, and he walked up the still, empty avenue through the summer night. Jean had been wrong, he reflected; in her place, Molly would have let him stay. And the enormity, the incredibility of that thought struck him and he began to laugh. Molly—Jean—it was fantastic! Jean had been wrong, but suddenly he was intensely glad. If she had let him remain, there could have been no turning back, no parting. And she had not known that; she had been afraid.

His mind felt extraordinarily clear. Jean Frazer was not a sharp business woman for nothing, but this time she had guessed wrong. It was unfeminine, that hard calculating streak which no amount of emotion could break down. If she really loved him as she said she did, she would want to be his completely, regardless of everything. And he wondered if she could ever be completely his—his as Molly had been. *Had been.* He shivered in the warm night.

He did not sleep at all. He lay trying to sort out in his own mind the truth. Molly and the children, and all the old way of living, pulling against this new youth, this new ambition, this new confidence. Was it Molly or Jean—or an old life against a new one? Molly had come to mean one thing, and now Jean Frazer meant another—and where did he, George Emerson, come in? Was he nothing in himself?

The next morning, as soon as he reached the office, David Scudder summoned him and Jean. Another big account. Jean's eyes sought his across Scudder's desk. "You see?" they demanded. And when they were alone she said, "George, it's in the bag! Our future is practically underwritten! I tell you it's *us*, not Scudder, Pratt, that people want!"

He nodded absently. "I'm going up to the Cape over this week end, Jean." He could see thoughts move behind her dark eyes, could watch her weighing, considering, selecting the one to speak.

"Tell Molly that I'm sorry," she said at last.

He smiled. He was unpleasantly conscious of her mind turning over.

"George—you're sure it's best for you to go up there? Wouldn't it be better if you wrote her first and—"

He interrupted her flatly: "What kind of a man do you think I am, Jean? You might leave some of my affairs for me to manage!"

She bit her lip. "I'm sorry, George."

PHYLLIS DUGANNE

has written one novel, but is chiefly known for her short stories, of which she has had a great number published. She comes, she says, by her writing trend naturally, as she was reared by Inez Haynes Irwin and Will Irwin. Married, she has one daughter.

IT was a tense, strained week. They talked a great deal about work, about the unborn firm of Frazer and Emerson. On Friday evening they sat in Jean's apartment, waiting until it was time for him to go to the station. They had fallen silent. And suddenly, without warning, Jean burst into tears. She jumped up and flung herself into George's arms, sobbing.

"Don't go, George!" she pleaded hysterically. "I can't bear it! Please don't leave me!" She kissed him. "Stay here and we'll go off somewhere together! Just us. We'll start life right now—I've been crazy, George! I want you so!"

George was unmoved. He held her trembling body in his arms and stroked her hair; and all the time he was thinking that, now that she was afraid for the first time, now that she felt the need of a more binding tie, she was ready to give herself to him. Not from the fullness of her love, but from expediency. Very gently he disengaged her arms.

"You know that I've got to go, Jean," he told her.

"No!" she denied. "I tell you I won't let you!" She stopped crying and wiped her eyes. "What a fool I've been! Darling, we'll take the midnight train just the same—but we'll take it together! Let's go to Canada!"

He listened to her quietly. "You've got it all planned, haven't you?" he asked dryly.

"Don't you want to go to Canada?" she asked. "I don't care where we go! You're the boss, sir!"

He laughed. "I wonder," he said. "I wonder if I'd ever be the boss, Jean?"

"George!" She caught hold of him. "Beloved, don't look at me like that! I love you so!"

He patted her hand. It was so strange that he had not faced it before. She had been the boss from the very beginning; she had made up her mind, before he had been even conscious of her existence, that he was the man she wanted to—good heavens, it was even her own word!—to *supplement* herself.

"George!" she cried. "What's the matter?"

He did not answer, but her frightened eyes told him that he did not need to answer: she knew.

"We could do a lot together, George," she said.

"You could do a lot for me, Jean," he answered quietly, and she winced. "You have—I wonder if you know how much? Dear kid!" His voice choked, and he kissed her, very gently. "I'd better be going, Jean."

"Oh-h-h!" Her voice dropped to a moan.

There was, literally, nothing for them to say. They knew one another's minds. But there was a great deal for George to say to Molly, and he knew now that he would say all of it, and that Molly would understand. There was a great deal for him to say to himself. This was no turning back, for him. He would go on as Jean Frazer had started him going, but he would go on, taking Molly and the kids with him.

He turned, soberly, and went out of the apartment; and Jean sat, not moving, and watched him go.

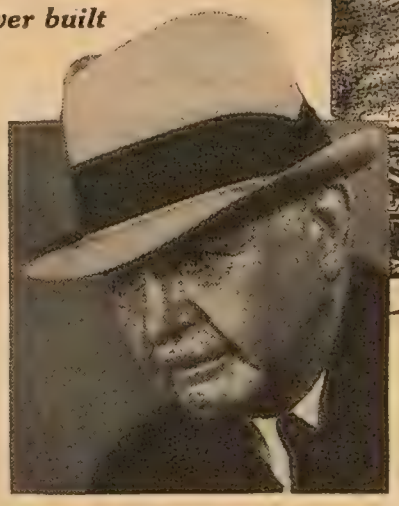
THE END

WE PUT A MAN-HUNTER ON THE TRAIL OF G3—SHADOWED HIM WITH AN ACE REPORTER—THIS IS WHAT THEY FOUND!

How a famous operative from the New York Detective Bureau — the sleuth who introduced the Bertillon and fingerprinting systems in America — accepted the strangest assignment a detective ever covered — and what he learned of the private lives of the greatest tires Goodyear ever built

(EDITORIAL NOTE: *We are a little tired, and we think the public is, of vague superlatives and unsupported claims in advertising. So a year ago when we introduced the now famous "G-3" All-Weather Tread Tire, we held the story of that tire to the facts about the punishment it took on the Goodyear test fleets. Now the "G-3" has been in public service for a year or more, and we wanted the evidence, the cold truth about its performance in the hands of users. This page tells how we went after that evidence, and then turned the findings over to a newspaper reporter for writing, that you, as a car-owner, may have a true picture for your guidance in tire-buying.)*

By JAMES CANNON
Former Ace Reporter, New York Journal



JOSEPH A. FAUROT
He introduced the Bertillon system and fingerprint identification in America —he has been Deputy Commissioner of the New York Police Department —head of all detective activities for Greater New York—Chief of Department of Identification, Commercial Crime Commission. And he is chosen now to run down the facts and gather the evidence on the Goodyear "G-3"

EVERY police reporter who has ever worked Manhattan knows the name Faurot.

Inspector Faurot—Captain Faurot—head of the New York detective force—Deputy Commissioner of the New York police department — these are some of the titles he has won—and he has run down killers, traced bank robbers, broken up gangs — gathered evidence that many a jury has agreed clinched the case.

. . . peering at treads, checking parked cars, cross-examining car owners—to get the cold-turkey facts on "G-3"

So Goodyear figured he was the ideal man to get the cold-turkey facts on how its famous "G-3" All-Weather tread tire was treating the public—whether it stood up to its reputation for giving 43% longer non-skid mileage—how it ranked in safety.

Would the Tests stand up?

You may remember the brutal punishment given the first "G-3" All-Weather tread tires while they were still in the experimental stage.

The problem on all tires then—even on Goodyears—was fast tread wear, due to the higher speeds and quicker starts and stops of the nimbler, more powerful new cars.

People wanted longer wearing tires — and more non-skid safety, too — both of which came right down to longer non-skid mileage.

In trying to find the answer, Goodyear even shipped granite grit from mountain and desert districts to make grindstones to test tread toughness.

One tire out of the many under development stood out head and shoulders above the rest—one tire marked with the laboratory symbol "G-3."

And then came the merciless road tests on that tough, new design Goodyear, the long battering day-in and day-out third degree, when the orders went out to the test fleets: "Speed up to 50—jam on the brakes — speed up to 50—jam on the brakes—and keep it up 24 hours a day!"

The "G-3" triumphed superbly in those tests, and the tires went out to the public, shattering all sales records as they went.

But there was one factor in tire performance they yet had to meet, and only time could tell how they would meet it—so the bold step was taken, and one of the foremost detectives in America was hired to trail these tires and report.

The evidence rolls in

Let's skip the days and nights of checking — peering at treads — reading speedometers on parked cars, quizzing gas station attendants and tire repairmen—and all the rest of the endless search that amassed the facts, not only about these tires but also about the people who owned them.

Let's read instead, in the laconic words of the experienced detective, of a typical case he covered:

"Tire No. C3,178,387K. *Goodyear "G-3" All-Weather, right front wheel, light sedan. East Griffin, Ga. Speedometer not working, broke at 25,000 miles. Goodyear dealer verifies estimate of more than 48,000 miles on tire under investigation.*

"Condition of tire. *Slight trace of tread pattern remains.*

"Other tires. *Two "G-3's"; one tire of other make, badly worn.*

"Report on owner. *Fast but careful driver. Piles up mileage. Gas station reports he purchases about $6 worth of gasoline per week. Comes into gas station with rush, 'scoops up gravel' when he puts on brakes.*

"Owner's statement. *Well pleased. Has had more than 50% longer non-skid tread wear."*

Over and over—reports show amazing mileage

Here are fragments from other typical reports, condensed here for brevity:

"WHITESVILLE, W. VA. . . . *drilling contractor . . . 21,466 miles. Drives mountain roads. Tread smooth, but former tires gave only 10,000 miles."*

"ROYAL OAK, MICH. . . . *police radio car, driven 24 hours a day, 3 shifts. Speeds, 35 to 80 miles per hour. Roads, paved and gravel. Mileage 20,341, tread almost perfect. At least 45% better than former tires."*

"CINCINNATI, OHIO. . . . *mileage 37,713. Owner buying new set of "G-3" tires when interviewed. First car he ever owned."*

• • •

There, you've seen a leaf or two right from the detective's notebook, on one of the strangest assignments he ever was given.

There's a glimpse of the fascinating human stories surrounding the everyday performance of "G-3's"—the answer to where these tires are going, what they have been doing, how well they are living up to their reputation.

Something else is there, too — something valuable to you — information well worth remembering when next you buy tires.

It sums up to the solid fact that *the biggest money's worth of slow-wearing, safe-traction, long-lasting non-skid tire mileage you ever bought* is waiting for you in the All-Weather "G-3" no farther away than the nearest Goodyear Service Station Dealer.

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, INC., Akron, Ohio

THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER

GOODYEAR

MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND

MAN AGAINST

Are Their Best Games on a Par? A Famous Champion Ponders the Problem and Gallantly Speaks Her Mind

Fred Perry. "I thought," owns Helen, "that I could give him a nice game!"

READING TIME ● 10 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

COULD Suzanne Lenglen at her best have given Bill Tilden a game? That question and similar ones involving the leading men and women tennis players have arisen in the minds of hundreds of spectators who have watched championship tournaments in Europe and the United States. It seems to those who question the outcome of a match between the best man and the best woman player that the difference is slight between the highly developed masculine and feminine games.

The real difference, admitted by any woman who has played in practice against any one of the first ten ranking men, is well illustrated by a story of Tilden and Lenglen.

One year when Tilden was going abroad to play tennis, Suzanne Lenglen expressed the wish to have a practice game with him. Some one, probably a friend of Tilden, suggested that he couldn't give Lenglen much of a game so soon after his arrival. Tilden scorned the idea and said that he would play Suzanne the very day he arrived, give her thirty every game, and beat her six love, six love. The friend took the bet and undoubtedly thought it was a gift.

They arrived at Cherbourg, went through customs, entrained for Paris, and arrived tired and hungry. Tilden had a quick lunch, went to the Racing Club, and there proceeded to make good his prediction. Those who saw the match say that Suzanne Lenglen didn't have an off day.

I can tell a similar story on myself. I went out to the All-England Club one day to practice in preparation for Wimbledon. The secretary of the club offered to get Fred Perry to practice with me. Fred wasn't very well known in those days, except as a ping-pong player. He had won no tennis championships, but was confident that he would in a year's time. I thought, of course, that he was one of the coming junior players, and that I could give him a nice game and then have a hard practice match with the professional. I think I rather agreed to play out of the kindness of my heart. The result was staggering.

Fred began by courteously hitting everything to within easy reach of my racket and I won the first game. With my advantage well tucked away I decided to lose as few games as possible. Simultaneously Fred decided the same thing, and at the end of the match, which he won 6-1, 6-0, I was apologizing for having given him so little practice.

It is an utter waste of time to argue that a woman, however good she may be, can defeat a really good man player. The reasons are, or should be, obvious. In the first place, there is the vast difference in physical stamina to consider. But even presuming endurance to be equal between the two, there is the question of height, muscular strength, and length of arm and legs.

If, for example, I should play Ellsworth Vines, my lobs would have to be at least six inches better than his to escape his racket, and even at that he could probably jump high enough to nullify the difference. My passing shots would have to be closer to the lines to avoid his reach, and all my drives to the backcourt much wider than his. He would start with that advantage, which would probably be sufficient to beat me easily without the added advantage of superior speed on his shots.

A man requires fewer steps than a woman to cover the same distance, and therefore expends less energy. His ordinary shot is almost as fast as a woman's fastest; his added height means added power in the service and

WOMAN in TENNIS

by

HELEN HULL JACOBS

PICTURES BY COLE BRADLEY

overhead smash and the volley which he is obliged to reach out to hit.

Occasionally there have been women players whose games have been so far above their nearest rivals' that they have preferred to play against men in exhibition matches. The spectators, at any rate the most skeptical among them, usually think the match is "fixed" so that the woman may either win or make an exceptionally good showing. This is not always the case. The man player may be asked to play from the backcourt, but he can play as hard as he wishes from that position. This will usually make an interesting match, for the best women are steadier from the backcourt than many good men players. In a driving game the man's physical advantages are somewhat reduced, for the woman has more time to make her shots and is not faced with the problem of coping with the man's long reach at the net.

I think one of the most interesting exhibitions of tennis I ever saw was that in which Molla Mallory played against a man who was listed as a second-class player. He was steady, clever, and hard-hitting, but his net game was only indifferent. They played each other from the backcourt, and at that time Mrs. Mallory could hit as hard as most men. The ball went back and forth from corner to corner with terrific speed until her opponent grew weary of returning her drives and decided to attack from the net. In he came, and past him went the ball each time, right down the line. If he advanced tentatively into the forecourt she would send up a lob to one corner or the other. The gallery was delighted when she won, but there were one or two comments to the effect that her opponent had given her the match. I know he didn't, because he was rather upset at having lost.

A great many men players labor under the delusion that they can beat any woman player, regardless of their own standing. They consider that their superior strength and stamina alone is enough to decide a match. I saw this disproved by an amusing incident in California. One of the leading women players in the state was invited for the week end to the home of some friends who had a tennis court. Another of the guests was an enthusiastic player who rose early every morning to practice his strokes. Knowing of the man's pride in his game, the week-end host suggested that his guest have a friendly match with Miss So-and-So, appending the remark that he probably wouldn't win more than four games from her. The guest, humiliated by the remark, offered at once to play the girl and made a small bet with his host that the number of games lost by the winner would indeed be four, but that the winner would be himself.

All the guests congregated around the court, somewhat apprehensive about the results of the match, for the player who fancied himself hadn't recognized his opponent. He played very well but not well enough, and was defeated 6-0, 6-0. The next morning he left in a huff—not a very good loser. He expressed his offense at the whole affair as a "frame-up."

There is one point I believe is completely tenable: that is, that there is very little to choose between the technique of the best men and that of the best women players. This argument rests on the relative strenuousness of men's and women's matches. Many of the leading tennis authorities maintain that a woman has not sufficient strength in her arm and wrist to execute effective smashes or rely upon a net attack for three long hard sets. Personal experience has been my most conclusive proof.

"I decided to lose as few games as possible. Simultaneously he decided the same thing."

Two years ago at Forest Hills I played my most important final of any tournament. It was toward the end of August, on one of New York's characteristically scorching days. I had decided that only by playing at the net at every opportunity I had or could make would I have a chance of winning. From the first point to the last I adhered to this plan and won my final point on an overhead smash. Before the match began I was advised not to play at the net so much, for my adviser thought my game would be weakened when I returned to the backcourt. I find the contrary to be true. There is far less running to do when one plays at the net; much less effort on the whole to be made than one must make to

score a winning point from the backcourt.

No coach of women's tennis is a good one today if he does not advocate the net game. Any expert woman player who has an adequate net game would rather play against a purely backcourt game than any other kind. She can force her opponent into the forecourt, where she has her entirely at her mercy, and when she herself is forced out of court she never has the fear that her opponent is coming in to the net to kill her weak return.

The best women's games of the present time have been patterned after the men's games. In 1914 Suzanne Lenglen and Elizabeth Ryan were playing devastating net games and were perfectly at home in any part of the court.

Six years ago I saw Elizabeth Ryan play the final of the mixed doubles at Wimbledon with P. D. B. Spence. Unfortunately Spence was not playing very well in that match. He missed smash after smash, made one out of four successful returns of service, and even had difficulty with his own usually severe service. He was trying desperately hard to improve his game as the match went on, but it was useless. He was simply having an incredibly bad day.

The moment Miss Ryan realized Spence's predicament, she appeared to shoulder the entire responsibility for the match. When they went up to the net together after a good return of hers, and Spence prepared to smash the ball, she would step in front of him and, in her inimitable effortless manner, put the ball away to one side or the other, winning the point.

As his game went down hers came up, and regardless of their sentiments, the spectators, who had seen her win many of her twelve national doubles titles and probably wanted her opponents to win, were wild with enthusiasm and gave her a great ovation when, virtually alone, she had won the match and her thirteenth title. I don't think Pat Spence would mind this story—he admitted quite candidly that she won the match by herself.

I have heard some of the best men players in the world make the remark that they would rather play doubles with Elizabeth Ryan than with most men.

Apropos of comparison between the games of men and women, I would like to make comment upon a universal question, one of which the pros and cons are bitterly fought out by coaches and critics the world over: Is it better for a woman to practice against a man or a woman to perfect her game?

The con arguments are these: A woman never meets in tournament play a game as strenuous as a man's, and therefore the practice is an unnecessary strain; and it is more important for a woman to play against the speed of shot she meets in competition with other women than to become accustomed to the severer shots of a man.

The pro arguments, if I may represent them through my own opinion, are these: The reason women's tennis has become so much faster and so much stronger in the last decade is that the best players of that period have consistently practiced against men. From them they have learned the importance of speed and the secret of acquiring it. They have learned not to let the ball drop too far before hitting it and they have adopted the body motion of the man in making their shots.

Besides, they have become accustomed to returning a very fast ball, which quickens both their vision and their footwork so that when they play against women they find they can make their shots comparatively leisurely. They are forced in practice against men to make better passing shots than would be necessary against a woman, and their lobs also must be better, so that in match play they find they have a good margin of safety when executing these shots against women opponents.

The only fair comparison should be made on a relative basis.

A hard three-set match is just as strenuous for a woman as a hard five-set for a man. Eighty per cent of tennis involves the mental faculties, for strategy, court position, a general knowledge of the game, and confidence all depend upon the brain power of the player. These things can be developed to just as high a level in the woman's game as in the man's. But if any one thinks that Dorothy Round could give Fred Perry a game, they are much mistaken. If both of us played him at the same time, we would both probably do just as well as I did the first time that I met him at the All-England Club.

THE END

Helen Jacobs, captain of last year's winning Wightman Cup team, with the cup at Wimbledon.

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, Liberty, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

1—In a legal document what does *et ux.* mean?

2—What states still have capital punishment?

3—What are guillemets?

4—What famous admiral of the United States navy was born in Canada?

5—How many divorces are there in the United States every year?

6—Where in the Bible is the meaning of the word "few" defined?

7—What United States senator, now serving, held a Cabinet post under three different Presidents?

8—Who wrote the Canadian Boat Song?

9—What does m. ft. on a medical prescription mean?

10—Dropping the last letter or syllable of a word (as goin' for going) is called what?

11—What is a favorable balance of trade?

12—Who was the only woman to receive the Congressional Medal of Honor for her services during the Civil War?

13—Otology is what?

14—What was Canada's population at the 1931 census?

15—What is the difference between savors and flavors?

16—Why was May 30 selected as Memorial Day?

17—How can any one sue the United States?

18—How many ambassadors and ministers represent the United States in foreign countries?

19—In law, what is an affirmation?

20—When is Confederate Memorial Day celebrated?

(Answers will be found on page 29)

What Defeated JACK GILBERT?

Amid the glitter of Hollywood, there have been many tragedies, but none more poignant or more heartbreaking than John Gilbert's

SAYS
ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

Not so very long ago John Gilbert stood upon the top of the world, applause ringing in his ears, incense in his nostrils, gold and adulation showering at his feet. Today Jack seems bent upon finishing his own story in a chapter of defeat as a Russian dramatist might have written it. The gay smile which millions loved to see is still on his face—sometimes—but it hurts to see it there. There has been no story in all Hollywood more poignant, more heart-breaking than the flaming career of this man—his battle for success, his riotous fame, his bitter destruction. What has happened? What *could* happen to work so abrupt a change in fortune? What will be the conclusion? Never before has the whole tragic business been explained as it is now revealed in PHOTOPLAY by Adela Rogers St. Johns, who has been his friend since his earliest days as an "extra." Get June Photoplay and read every word of her explanation.

IF MAE WEST PLAYS SHAKESPEARE—

Can you imagine the alluring Mae cast in one of Shakespeare's historic roles? That's something to think about! Leo McCarey, who directed La West in "Belle of the Nineties," says in June PHOTOPLAY that Mae can play *anything*. If his appraisal of her ability is correct the day may come when you will see her as Katharina in "The Taming of the Shrew." Read why McCarey believes Mae West could do Shakespeare particularly well. Read his experience as her director. And the list of famous roles he suggests for her together with substantial reasons for each suggestion. Perhaps you've been wrong about Mae West, at that. Turn to page 30, June PHOTOPLAY, and read some things about this comedienne you have never known before.

OTHER RECOMMENDED FEATURES

CLOSE-UPS AND LONG SHOTS • FILMLAND'S NEW DICTATOR IS A WOMAN • CAL YORK'S GOSSIP OF HOLLYWOOD • WHERE IS HOLLYWOOD'S GLAMOUR? • PHOTOPLAY FASHIONS • BRIEF REVIEWS • SHADOW STAGE • PERSONALITIES • TRAGEDY OF BEING A HOLLYWOOD MOTHER • IRISH NIGHTS AND OTHER ADVENTURES • RISE OF A SONG KING • MAN OF THE HOUR • WHY MERLE CLICKED • AND A WEALTH OF INFORMATION AND SERVICE.

PHOTOPLAY

JUNE . . . *At all Newsstands* . . . **25c**

Parthian

A Strange, Stirring Tale of Footlight Romance and Sinister Jungle Vengeance

READING TIME ● 27 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

CLOSING the door of the dressing room behind him, Darian bolted it and turned to the girl who stood pressed against the wall, small brown hands clenched.

"Hello, Lona baby," he said, and smiled. "Waiting for me, hey? That's nice. That's the way I like it."

The girl's lips parted in a gasping breath. Her slight form was wound with bright silken scarfs about the breast and hips. She was an alien in this garish backstage room. A coral sun-drenched beach for her. Or an orchard of almond trees.

Darian gazed at her almost in awe. He muttered, "Honey, I can scarcely believe my luck. Twelve years I've been trouping. I've seen an awful lot of dames. But by God, you—you—"

He stepped toward her, reaching out his long, muscled

ILLUSTRATION BY

Shaft

by ROGER GARIS

arms. Fear flooded into the girl's dark eyes. Yet she did not hold him off. Her whispered "Darian—no—" he did not hear. She came into his arms slowly, like a sleepwalker. Heavily his mouth dropped to hers.

After a moment he demanded, "What are you trembling for, honey? Not afraid, are you? Not worried about Javve? Javve!" He laughed. "I could take that spick and fold him up so he'd fit in the hat with the rabbits. Forget him."

To the stiff whiteness of Darian's shirt bosom Lona breathed, "Javve—my husband—I no want hurt him—"

Darian ran sinewy fingers through the black scented hair. "Where do you get that husband stuff? If you married him at all it was according to the rites of some outlandish bush tribe. Husband, hell! Listen, baby. Saturday night you and I cut. After the last show. Javve won't know a thing about it until we're gone. He'll have his bow and arrows to play with." Darian grinned.

Javve let the shaft fly. It split the palm neatly. The tip protruded several inches beyond the back.

"And then just you and me, baby! We'll get a new routine—something that'll knock 'em dead. You and me! Hurry up now and put back that lipstick I took off. We're on in five minutes."

Reluctantly his palms slid from the honey-colored shoulders and he unbolted the door. Lona stood as though all strength had been drained from her. Suddenly she thrust back her head, flung her hand to her mouth savagely, the back crushing her lips against her teeth until a print was fixed upon her skin in blood.

Darian joined Javve in the wings. The South American was dressed only in a breechcloth and sandals. His lithe brown body, small but perfectly proportioned, gleamed with a sheen of oil. Beside him Darian appeared grotesque. One molded as though by the hand of a sculptor, each detail of neck, of chest, of arms, of thighs beautifully executed, exquisite; and the other lumpy, suggestive of power which somehow seemed unclean and at the same time resistless.

Javve was watching a hoofer going into his finale. As he watched, his fingers caressed the polished wood of his bow. He twanged the string and laughed.

"What's so funny?" Darian inquired suspiciously.

With his chin Javve pointed toward the hoofer. "That man. He verree funnee. Hees feet. They funnee feet."

"Oh," said Darian. "Yeah, he's pretty good." The dancer finished, side-stepped into the wings.

Javve grinned at him, received a grin in return. "Go all right, hey?" Javve said. "You good dancer, hey?"

"Not so good," the fellow replied. "I get along, though. Oh, excuse me—"

He stepped aside to make room for Lona. The girl thanked him with a little smile that was like the smile of one who is ill.

Darian exclaimed, "All set, you two?"

Javve looked inquiringly at Lona, then replied, "Yes." Darian nodded to the orchestra leader, awaiting his cue. Cymbals crashed. Muted horns, sly seductive violins, and wailing oboes called the jungle into being. Darian strode forward majestically, followed no less proudly by Javve who held Lona's hand.

These two, Javve and Lona, had been found by Sam Goldman in Paita while Sam was on a South American cruise. They were playing in a cheap variety house. Lona, clad only in two bands of silk, was standing with her back to a board painted to resemble a tree trunk festooned with jungle vines. Javve was across the stage from her holding a bow. Suddenly Lona lifted her arms, spread them as on a cross, with fingers outstretched against the painted board, and smiled.

Then Javve raised his bow. He fitted an arrow to the string. Drawing the arrow to the head, he stood poised.

At Sam's right a fat woman choked on her breath.

JAVVE filled the air with wicked steel-pointed arrows which buried their barbs viciously in the wood about Lona's unshrinking form. When she moved away from the board her figure was outlined by the deadly shafts. There was more arrow shooting and a demonstration of the use of the blowgun.

The darts used were poisoned, dipped into a little bamboo tube of curare, which killed big squealing jungle rats, tied to a board, as surely as the bite of the fer-de-lance. Javve exhibited the tube of poison to his audience.

Yes, the act was O.K. But that wasn't important. What did matter was the budding loveliness, the dark pulsating beauty of Lona, and the young strength and perfection of Javve.

Sam took them back with him and sent them on the road with Darian the Great, for six months' experience. After that he had plans for them in New York.

Now they had reached Detroit. Three months out. Darian, in the beginning, had cursed Sam Goldman for using him as a trainer for these kids—the magician had only one real spot in the act—but very shortly this attitude changed. He realized that within his reach was the loveliest thing he had ever seen.

And Saturday night was the pay-off.

Two days more! Darian, performing his ancient sleight-of-hand tricks as a prelude to Javve's arrow shooting (Goldman had ruled out the blowgun and rats, knowing it would be stopped by the S.P.C.A.), tingled with delightful anticipation. What a honey that Lona was! *What* a honey!

The orchestra crashed into crescendo. Javve took his place at the left, facing a wooden target. The sound of the arrows in flight was a continuous hiss. The audience applauded. Darian made a great effort at pulling out the arrows, staring at their sinister barbs in horror. Good business. Then Lona crossed and stood before a larger shield.

Darian cried, "You will now witness an amazing feat. So great is Lona's confidence in her man that she will allow him to shoot toward her these death-dealing arrows, these fearsome steel-tipped shafts, which Javve can send completely through a human being and out the other side! None of the arrows will strike the shield more than three inches from Lona's lovely form. You are invited upon the stage to measure the distance. And he will so place twenty arrows in fifteen seconds! Time him, please! Are you ready, Lona? Ready, Javve?"

LONA pressed back against the wood, arms wide. Javve arranged his arrows on a stand before him. The orchestra pianissimoed. Lona smiled. The bowstring twanged. About her head a crown of arrows formed. They leaped along her arms, close to her sides, around her bare legs. One of them nipped the edge of the silk around Lona's waist. When Javve had shot his last arrow the audience applauded, and Lona stepped forward, holding together the end of the torn scarf.

Two husky stagehands struggled and strained at the arrows, removing them apparently with great difficulty. Actually they were deeply embedded. It was quite true that Javve could send one of them completely through a man.

Then it was Darian's turn again. He changed water into wine, caused coins and cards to vanish, drew colored streamers from his mouth—all the regular magician stuff. After this he proclaimed:

"Ladies and gentlemen, I will now show you that the hand is not only quicker than the eye but quicker than Javve's arrows. As Javve shoots his arrows past me, I will catch them in my bare hands!"

This part of the act had required much practice. Javve didn't use the steel-tipped arrows, but shafts with rubber points which resembled the steel barbs and were covered with aluminum paint. The success of the feat depended greatly on the timing. A regular rhythm in shooting and catching the arrows was necessary.

Darian took a position between the two targets, the open wings at his back. If he missed an arrow it would fly out of sight of the audience.

Javve had simply to aim alternately about a foot above Darian's shoulders, pretending to draw the arrow to its head but actually releasing the bowstring slowly, so that the shaft's flight was retarded. Darian would reach up and seize the arrows first with one hand and then with the other as they whizzed by his head.

It was an effective bit of business. Darian's one good spot. He had thought it up himself.

Today Darian missed the first arrow and it thudded against the canvas stretched behind him, out of sight of the audience. The magician scowled at Javve. He had purposely sent it too fast. Javve grinned, and the next arrow came more slowly. Darian caught it midway up the shaft. But the third came more swiftly and Darian was lucky to close his hand on the feathers. The rest, however, he captured easily. When the act was over, Darian said to Javve, his voice coolly savage:

"Don't ever try to put the slug on me, boy. You're giving away too much weight."

"What?" Javve asked innocently. "How you mean? I give away—"

"You understand!" Darian exclaimed. "Just remember it. Keep to your timing. Savvy?" And he walked away.

Javve dressed with Lona, to save an extra room. He said to her in Spanish, "You seem tired, darling. We will go to a nice restaurant and you will have wine with your supper."

"Wine?" the girl repeated, as though she did not

understand the word. "Yes, of course —wine. That will be good. Wine."

She crossed to a chair on which lay a huge Angora cat, asleep. With a strange sound, like a sob bubbling in her throat, Lona bent suddenly and pillowed her face in the thick silver-colored fur. The cat stretched lazily, began to purr. Lona whispered, "Pancha, you, too, I must—"

Javve was unstringing his bow. He said gaily:

"Come, Lona, let us eat. I feel hungry tonight. Let Pancha alone. We will bring her back something. The kind of meat she likes. Hurry, conchita."

"Yes, Javve," Lona murmured, and began to change. Pancha watched her with unblinking eyes. Javve said:

"Pancha is like a watchdog. I think she would not like any one to touch you but me. She does not mind me. Eh, Pancha?"

He took a step toward the cat, who stopped purring, when there came a knock on the door. Darian called, "Are you two going to eat? I'll buy tonight, if you don't take too long. Can I come in?"

"Come," said Javve. He was buttoning his collar. Lona was sitting on the edge of the chair where Pancha lay, fastening her shoe.

"ALLOW me," Darian said gallantly, and knelt before her. His head lowered, his fingers held the little foot. Of a sudden he dodged back. A lock of his hair hung over his forehead.

"You devil!" he cried, feeling his head, examining his hand for blood. "Did you see that? Why, the—"

"You not hurt," Javve told him calmly. "Pancha just—how you say? —wrinkle your hair." He laughed loudly. "Pancha give you new haircomb? She barbar cat, hey? Ho, tha's verree funnee!"

"Not to me," Darian growled. "Come on, let's get going."

His good humor seemed to have gone from him and to have lodged with Javve. The youth ordered wine, holding the glass again and again to Lona's lips, until Darian protested, "That's enough. She doesn't want any more. We've got two shows tonight."

"You think Lona no want more?" Javve asked mildly.

"You heard me."

The act went very well that evening. Javve sent his arrows toward Lona with a sure and steady hand, so that they scarcely quivered as they bit into the wood. Darian caught without a miss. There was much applause.

Afterward Javve went out for his exercise. Each night, before retiring, he ran several miles through the darkened streets. When he reached the hotel his eyes were bright, his face glowing, and drops of moisture clung to his tight dark curls.

Lona was lying on the bed, staring up at the ceiling. Javve kissed her and said:

"It is raining, little one. A soft summer rain."

"FIVE YEARS AGO I DIDN'T THINK ABOUT IT . ."
"EVEN A YEAR AGO I WAS AFRAID TO ASK . ."
"TODAY I FEEL PERFECTLY FREE"

No wonder married women have more confidence today

IT is very refreshing to see the modern young woman go straight after any information she wants, not satisfied with vague rumors and whisperings of hearsay. Take, for instance, the intimate subjects of marriage and feminine hygiene. An older woman would have heard snips and snatches of conversation, half-truths and contradictions. But she never had the modern wife's opportunity to clear the subject up!

Poisonous antiseptics feared

Doctors have always known the danger of poisonous antiseptics if used for feminine hygiene. Yet for many years there was no effective antiseptic, no *real germicide*, except the old-fashioned poisons like carbolic acid, for instance. So *there* was a dilemma. Either way, the choice was discouraging.

Today, few of these poisons remain on sale, but there has appeared a new antiseptic-germicide called *Zonite*, which is *non-poisonous*, yet effective and powerful. In fact, it is far more powerful in its effect upon germs than any dilution of carbolic acid that can be used on the human body.

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"Raining," Lona murmured. "A warm summer rain."

"As in Goyel. Do you remember the rain there, before the gales and the floods, how warm and sweet it was? I would like to be back there now, in Goyel."

"And I, too," whispered Lona. "Why did we ever leave—why, Javve? All is so different here. I cannot understand. I seem to be—living in a dream. I am frightened—"

"Rest, darling," said the youth abstractedly. "Dream as you will, of Goyel."

"Javve!" Lona cried, and stretched out her hand to him.

But Javve did not see the gesture. He was removing his damp clothes. Quickly he turned out the light, got into bed. Sleep poised over him.

"Javve," Lona whispered, and then sighed, and said sadly, "Until I see thee in the morning," the familiar expression, the promise they had made to each other daily since they were wed.

"Until I see thee," Javve murmured drowsily. "Sleep—well—"

The rain continued for two days, but on Saturday night was little more than a drizzle. Javve said Sunday would be fine. Lona, in their dressing room after the matinee, began to shiver.

"You are cold, conchita?" Javve asked anxiously. "You do not look well. But you will see—tomorrow the sunshine."

As he stepped toward her an object dropped from the waistband which he held in his hand, a slender tube. Swiftly the youth bent and retrieved it. Horror came into Lona's eyes. She whispered:

"What is that, Javve?"

"What, sweet one?" He smiled.

"That—which fell to the floor."

"Oh—nothing!" His laugh was free, wholehearted. "It is a pencil. I had in mind to write a letter here, but now I will not. I had forgotten that today is the anniversary of my father's death. I must go to pray for him. So I cannot eat with you. You will eat with Darian, no?"

"All right," replied Lona tonelessly.

"I will be back in plenty of time for the performance. Now I go to pray for two hours for my father. He has been dead five years today—" Javve's eyes grew tender. "But I remember him well. He was so brave—and honest with all people—" Then the youth looked at Lona and smiled. "Have some wine with the meal, conchita. It will do you good."

He stooped for a moment to pet Pancha, lying on the chair. As he opened the door he said, "Until I see thee," and was gone.

"Javve!" Lona cried. "Wait, Javve—"

He did not hear her. Lona, another fit of trembling seizing her, sank weakly to the chair beside the cat, staring at the door.

She did not stir when, a few minutes later, Darian entered. His eyes gleamed as he saw her.

"WELL, baby," he exclaimed exultantly, "tonight's the night! After the show. Will you be ready? As soon as Javve goes out for his exercise we pull a runout on him." He moistened his thin lips. "We'll head right for New York on the sleeper," he told the girl. "Honey, I'll show you what living really is!"

Suddenly Lona covered her face with her hands.

"No—Darian," she sobbed, "please—no—I cannot leave Javve—"

The tall man went to her quickly. He seized her arm with his big hand.

"Listen, baby," he said harshly. "Don't try to two-time me, see? We're leaving tonight. Why, you know you're crazy about me. The first time I kissed you I knew. You couldn't back out now if you wanted to!" He bent toward her. "Just you and me, baby—I'll make you forget—"

He broke off with a maddened yell. Along the back of his left hand was a livid streak.

"You damned—" he started, and then flung the cat to the floor, cursing furiously. He aimed a kick at the animal, but Pancha leaped aside, eying Darian banefully. The man went after her. "I'll kill you, you devil!" he snarled. "I'll—"

Lona seized his arm desperately. "Darian, Darian, no—do not hurt her—she not mean it—Darian—"

Raging, the man stood irresolute. Then he smiled slowly.

"O.K., honey," he said. "I won't hurt her. As long as you're going with me I'll let her alone. But you better sure be ready after the show tonight! Understand?"

"Yes," Lona gasped. "Yes, Darian—I understand—"

SHE could not take her eyes from his. For a full minute he gazed at her, and finally, with a laugh of triumph, tapped her lightly on the cheek. A long breath escaped her.

"Come on, baby, let's eat," the magician said. "I'll take you to the Statler. We'll celebrate. God, you're a swell-looking kid, Lona!"

They came back to the theater shortly after seven. Javve had not yet returned. Darian went to his room to dress. Later he knocked on Lona's door and called, "Javve back yet?"

There was no answer. He pushed the door open. Lona was sitting in the chair, dressed for the act, with Pancha in her lap, staring straight ahead.

"Where's Javve?" Darian demanded.

"He has gone to pray for his father," Lona replied in a monotone. "This day—his father died—five years ago."

"Well, for Pete's sake," Darian said disgustedly. "Is he going to hold things up because of that? The dumb little spick. Well, this is the last night—"

He stopped abruptly. Javve was leaning against the door. His face was strangely twisted. He raised his right arm. The hand dangled loosely.

"I hurt it," the youth said dully. "I run, and in the rain I slip. I fall on my wrist."

"You mean you sprained your wrist?" Darian asked angrily. "Well, that's fine. So the act's off, hey?"

Lona sped to her husband. Tenderly she took the hand, cuddling it. "Ah, my poor child," she murmured in Spanish. "Poor Javve—does it pain you much, darling? I am so—"

"Stop that damn lingo!" Darian yelled. "Listen, Javve. How bad is it? Can you work if we tape it? Let's see." He pushed Lona away. "It doesn't seem swollen. Those sprains don't swell for a few hours. It takes that long for them to get real bad."

"Yes?" Javve said hopefully. "A few hours—before it happens, eh?"

"Sure!" Darian exclaimed. "Wait. I've got some tape in my room. Does it hurt now?"

"I no mind that," Javve told him. Then he grinned. "Get the tape. We try."

When Darian had gone, Lona came close to Javve. She did not look at him but said in a low voice:

"My husband, you will shoot the arrows tonight?"

"If I can draw the bow." Javve moved his hand slowly, testing it. "Darian was right. Some things—do not happen for a few hours. The wrist is not so painful. With the tape I will be able to shoot."

Suddenly Lona raised her head, gazed into his eyes.

"Send it straight," she whispered. "Straight, my husband!"

"What?" Javve asked, puzzled. "Surely I will send the arrows straight. You need not fear. I have prayed to my father. All will be well. Do not fear, loved one."

A light almost of ecstasy came into Lona's face. Against Javve's lips she murmured, "I do not fear, darling—I do not fear! But oh, send it straight!"

When Darian returned with the tape and bound the wrist tightly Javve strung the bow and drew an arrow to its head. For a moment he held it there, then nodded.

"Yes," he said. "I can do it. The tape, it is good, Darian."

The theater was well filled, as is usually the case with

ROGER GARIS

started writing as a boy and was just fifteen when his first verse appeared in a newspaper. While a graduate of a law school, he has never practiced, abandoning a legal career to enter the field of journalism. He makes his home in East Orange, N. J.

variety houses on rainy summer nights. The hoofer who preceded Javve and Lona got a good hand. He managed to coax an encore out of the applause. When he came off he was grinning happily.

"I panicked 'em," he panted to Javve. "Boy, I'll get another week out of this."

"Fine!" Javve exclaimed heartily. "You good. Your feet, they verree funnee. How you do—"

"Hey, hey, break it up," Darian muttered. "There's our cue music. On your way, hoofer."

The youth with the big ears stepped back with a mild reproach in his eyes. Darian stalked out. Javve, Lona's cold hand in his, came after.

When Darian had completed his tricks and had introduced Javve, he added, "Ladies and gentlemen, as you may see, Javve's wrist is taped. He injured it just before this performance. Nevertheless, rather than disappoint you, he will go through the act. Should he fail to place his arrows in the target quite as speedily as usual, we ask your indulgence. Now —Javve!"

FLEXING his bound wrist several times, Javve took his position. He raised the bow. While he sent the shafts into the target, Lona, standing near him, smiled always. It was a strange, secret smile. As though she awaited the coming of a happiness which only she could realize.

Then she must take her place before the shield. Across from her Javve stood poised. An arrow was on the string. Lona stretched out her arms. Javve drew the arrow firmly.

Lona's lips formed one word, "Straight!"

Like a flash of light the arrow sped on its way. It pinged into the wood just above Lona's head. Then another. The shafts gathered along her arm, her side, then the other side, the left. Lona's eyes were closed. Never had Javve shot more surely, nor with more power.

Now they came to her waist, at the left. Higher. A bit higher. Close to the heart. Close—very close—

"Lona!"

Javve called to her as she was falling forward. Darian it was who caught her.

"For God's sake, girl," he whispered hoarsely, "what's the matter? Are you sick? Stand up! Take a bow! Can't you hear the applause?"

Lona opened her eyes to the blaze of the footlights, and beyond them the great black maw that was the audience. Javve was near her, watching her anxiously. In the shield were the arrows, a perfect outline of her form.

"Bow, bow!" Darian ordered fiercely.

"Respond to them, conchita," Javve gently told her. "It is over—you are all right, eh? You are not ill?"

Like a child awakening from a dream, Lona looked about her dazedly. Her eyes were puzzled. She put her hand to her head.

"Bow, conchita," Javve said.

Refreshing!

Is THERE anything in the whole world so completely refreshing on a hot day as a tall iced Sloe Gin Fizz. It makes you feel like a brand new man. And to get its full thirst-quenching goodness make your fizz with grand Old Mr. Boston Sloe Gin—the real delicious flavor and natural ruby color of genuine Irish Sloe Berries. It's America's finest—by far.

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SLOE GIN FIZZ — Put two lumps of ice in a highball glass. Add a jigger of Old Mr. Boston Sloe Gin, the balance of ginger ale or sparkling water. Juice of one-half lemon if desired.

Automatically she obeyed. Then, at a gesture from Darian, she withdrew to the left.

Darian sighed with relief. Javve returned to his position across the stage, and arranged the rubber-tipped arrows for the last part of the act. Darian faced him. The bow was bent.

Easily Darian caught the first arrow. The second. The third. Javve was sending them just right. Good timing. Not too fast, just high enough. Darian caught the fourth. The fifth—

Javve's fingers slipped on the string. Darian's hand already was extended.

Quickly Javve adjusted the arrow, tensed his muscles, let the shaft fly.

It split the palm neatly. The steel tip protruded several inches beyond the back, while Darian gazed stupidly at the hand and at the dangling arrow he seemed to be holding aloft.

Horror blasted the audience into a brief intense silence. Then a woman screamed. It was echoed by Darian; the sound which came from his throat was frenzied and wild as an animal in agony.

"Get it out, for God's sake, get it out!" he shrieked. Froth was on his lips. He staggered forward. "You tried to kill me, you devil—oh, get it out, get it out!"

He could not look at it, but covered his eyes with his other hand. The wounded hand he held straight out before him.

Javve was over the stage in quick leaps, his feet scarcely touching the boards. As Darian wavered like a tree about to fall Javve seized the arrow and broke it cleanly. With one swift motion he drew the splintered end from the palm. And at that moment the stage manager shouted frantically:

"Curtain! Curtain!"

It was lowered so violently that the bottom pole slammed against the stage.

Javve, holding the broken reddened shaft, babbled, "I shoot wrong arrow—mistake—I make mistake—this the wrong arrow—my wrist, see, it hurt—the string slip—"

Of a sudden a great change came over Darian. His body seemed to stiffen. His eyes bulged, and they appeared to behold, all at once, something fearful and frightening as death.

His bloody hand came up and pointed at Javve. His mouth opened.

Then, wordless, he pitched forward on his face and lay motionless.

LONA stood gazing at the crumpled figure, then at her husband, then again at Darian as though trying desperately to fix this scene forever in her mind.

A doctor was located, hastened backstage. He knelt over Darian. Felt his pulse. Turned him slowly. Raised his eyelids. Then, looking at those who watched him nervously, he said, "Call an ambulance."

In shaking tones the stage manager cried, "He's not hurt bad, is he, doc? A thing like that—can't hurt a man bad—"

"I am afraid," the physician interrupted quietly, "that he is dying."

"Holy heaven!" gasped the manager.

Lona was standing back from them, still, as one struck by a spell. She gazed steadily at Javve. Her glance traveled from his face to the broken arrow in his hand. And into her eyes, swiftly, came the light of understanding, of final, complete knowledge.

The spring that brought her to him was like that of a puma. She snatched at the arrow.

Almost she succeeded, but Javve thrust it behind him and grasped her arm.

"What is it you do, Lona?" he cried. "Stop! What is wrong with you? What would you?"

"Give it to me," she panted, "quickly, quickly!"

"What? Give you what? I do not—"

The doctor exclaimed sharply, "Hold them, some one! Get that arrow!"

Several men closed in upon the pair. Lona struggled madly. Her nails dug into flesh. But she was lifted and borne away, kicking, writhing, panting continually, "Give it to me, Javve—give it to me—"

Those who had seized Javve held him tightly. The doctor approached. Javve said calmly, "What you wish—this arrow? Take it."

He dropped the splintered shaft to the floor.

CAREFULLY the doctor picked up the part with the steel point. He looked at it keenly. Softly he asked Javve:

"You come from South America?"

The youth nodded.

"Where?"

"Goyel."

"That is near the jungle?"

"Not far."

"You know, then"—the voice hardened—"of curare?"

Javve frowned. "Curare? No. I not know. I have heard—I think—"

"Never mind," said the doctor brusquely. To the manager: "Have him arrested. And carry that fellow out. Is the ambulance here yet? It may be too late, but we can try. This"—he folded the arrowhead in his handkerchief—"I will keep. It is an instrument of murder."

As Javve was led away he heard Lona crying his name.

. . . . .

In their hotel room Javve and Lona were packing. The windows were open. A brilliant sun shone outside, entered, and lay in golden pools on the rug. Javve sang lightly a Spanish song as he doubled a garment and placed it in a suitcase. Breaking off his song, he said gaily:

"What a beautiful day, sweetheart! Is it not lovely? Warm and delightful. One could do great deeds on a day like this!"

"Yes, Javve," Lona responded. She smoothed one of her silken sashes. Suddenly she crushed it between her hands.

"Oh, Javve," she cried, "I feared so for you! I thought I should never see you again! When they took you to that terrible jail and said you had killed Darian—with the arrow—the poisoned arrow—"

"It was not poisoned," Javve said softly. "Was that not proven? They found no poison on it. Not a trace. Thus was I released! Had it been poisoned, the doctors would have discovered it. They know those things. Dearest, you should not have been frightened!"

The girl shuddered. "I could not help it! Javve—I

'Tisn't So by R. E. Doan

LIGHTNING does strike in the same place twice. This popular idea—that lightning never strikes in the same place twice—may have had its origin in the opinion that anything struck by lightning once won't be there to strike again. However, lightning often strikes in the same place time and again, as it has done, for example, on the top of the Eiffel Tower in Paris.

A MOTHER cannot birthmark her unborn child. There is no connection between the nervous system of the mother and that of her unborn child. Birthmarks are usually defects of development. For example, the red birthmarks so often seen are a collection of small blood vessels which have been developed near the surface of the skin.

THE SUN is not farthest from the earth in winter. The sun is approximately 3,000,000 miles closer to the earth in January than it is in July.

THE SAP of a tree does not rise in the spring and return to the roots in the fall or winter. During warm weather, water moves from the roots of trees to the leaves, and certain liberated materials move from the leaves to the branches, trunk, and roots. During winter there is a slackening activity of the roots, undoubtedly correlated with a lack of need for moisture and food by the plant tops. However, there is never a reversal of the movement.

SHARKS are not the most dangerous fish. Large barracudas are more likely to attack swimmers than are most sharks, even including the man-eating great white shark. For their size, however, the most dangerous fish in the world are the piranhas of the South American rivers. They reach a foot to fifteen inches in length and hunt in large schools. The most dangerous of this species is the Serrasalmo piranha of the Rio Paraguay.

knew—I was certain—when you dropped the bamboo tube in the dressing room—"

Javve laughed. "A pencil, conchita. I told you. Only a pencil."

"But how, then, did Darian die?"

The brown youth came to her. "Darian died," he said soberly, "because he was a coward. Cowards die in curious ways. Their hearts are weak. Darian had a bad heart. So said the doctors. So said the authorities when they released me."

"Oh, my husband," Lona sighed, "I am so glad of that! You cannot know how I—I—in the two days you were away from me—in jail—"

"You should not have feared. I told you I prayed to my father. Always things come right when I do that."

"But, Javve"—and Lona lowered her head—"there is something I must tell you. There is that which must be said. Javve—Darian and I—"

"Hola!" Javve shouted. "Do you know the time, little one? It is nearly four! The train leaves at half past the hour, little one! Go, swiftly, get the tickets—here is the money—I will finish packing and meet you at the station."

"But listen, my husband—"

"No delay! We have not time! Here!" He thrust the bills into her hand. Pushed her toward the door. "Hurry, conchita!"

For a moment she gazed at him. There were tears in her eyes, though she was smiling. She murmured, "Yes, my husband. And you will not forget Pancha? You will bring Pancha?"

"Certainly I will bring Pancha! Her I could not forget! Go now!"

As Lona closed the door she called, "Until I see thee!"

"Until I see thee!" Javve replied. Waiting a moment he pulled the tape from his wrist, flung it contemptuously in a corner. Then, walking quickly to the chair on which the great silver-haired Angora lay sleeping, he carried her to the bathroom, to make certain that all poison was removed from her claws.

THE END

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 20

1—*Et uxor:* and wife.

2—All except Kansas, Maine, Michigan, Minnesota, North Dakota, Rhode Island, South Dakota, and Wisconsin.

3—Quotation marks, especially the French kind.

4—Admiral William Sowden Sims, born at Port Hope, Ontario, October 15, 1858.

5—In 1932 there were 160,338 or 1.28 per 1,000 population or 16.3 per 100 marriages.

6—1 Peter 3:20.

7—Senator James J. Davis of Pennsylvania, who was Secretary of Labor in the Harding, Coolidge, and Hoover administrations.

8—Thomas Moore, the Irish poet, 1779-1852.

9—*Mistura fiat.* Latin for "Let a mixture be made."

10—Apocopating.

11—When the value of a country's exports exceeds the value of its imports.

12—Dr. Mary Edwards Walker, who served as an army surgeon in the Union army.

13—The science of the ear and its diseases.

14—10,374,196, as compared with 8,788,483 at the census of 1921.

15—Strictly speaking, savors are tastes; flavors are smells, odors.

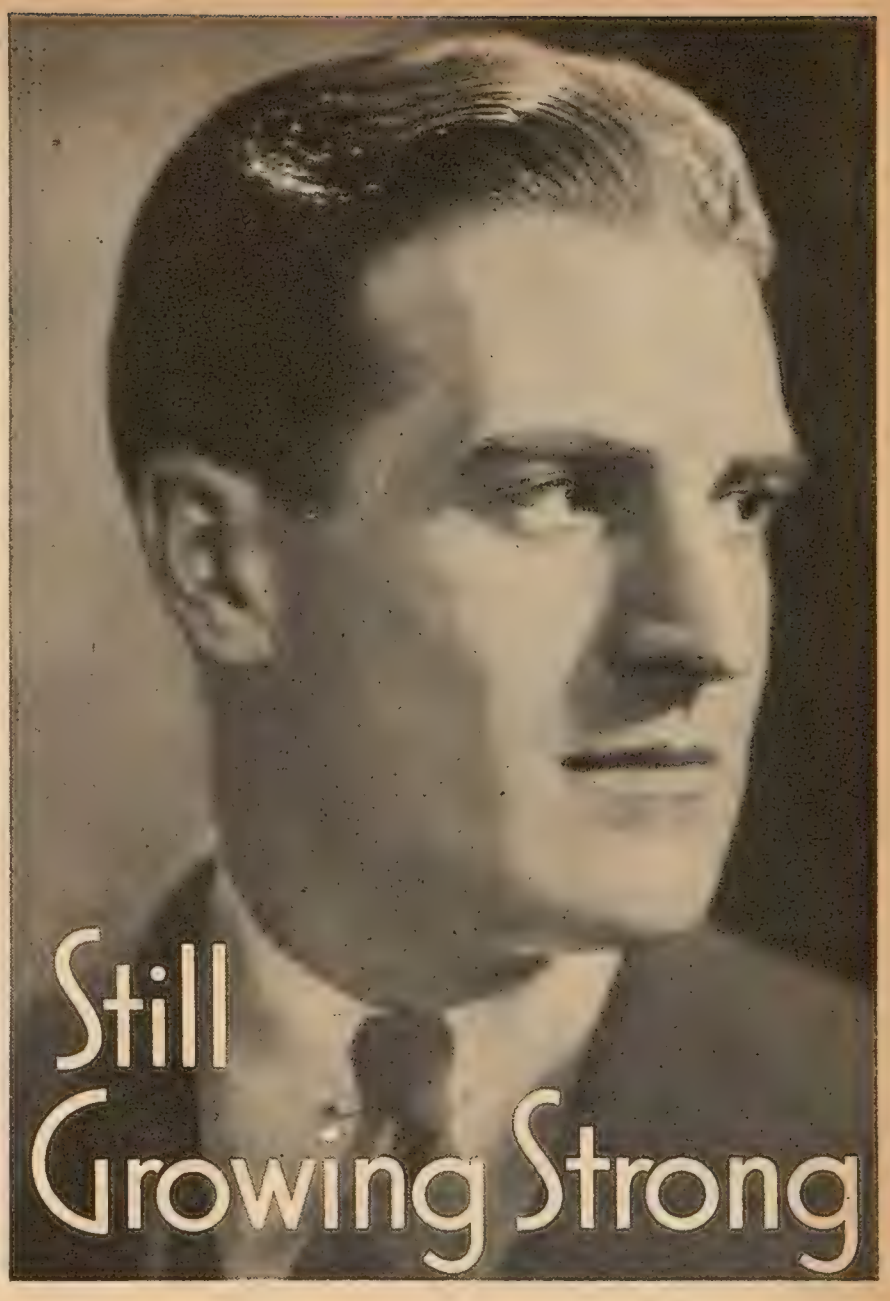
16—Because it was the date of the discharge of the last known volunteer in the Civil War. General John A. Logan, Commander in Chief of the G. A. R., ordered the decoration of the graves of all Union soldiers on that date in 1868.

17—Only in the Court of Claims.

18—Fifty-eight.

19—A solemn declaration made by one conscientiously opposed to taking a judicial oath.

20—On April 26 in Alabama, Florida, Georgia, and Mississippi; May 10 in Kentucky and North Carolina; May 30 in Virginia; and June 3 in Tennessee.



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HOLLYWOOD

"Extras" waiting to be checked in at a Hollywood studio. Above: The man in white represents one day's work—the other twenty-six, the "extras" who are available for it!

If You're Movie-Struck, Forget It. DON'T Join the Ranks of the "Extras"—Here Is an Outspoken Warning from One Who Knows

READING TIME ● 6 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

EDITOR'S NOTE: Campbell MacCulloch is general manager of the Central Casting Corporation, the Hollywood organization which the motion-picture studios established to select and furnish them with extra players. He was drafted from the United States government service to reorganize and humanize the work of "central casting."

IN Hollywood dwell some ten or twelve thousand misguided folk who cling tenaciously to a couple of really fantastic illusions, and their tenacity is shared by many other thousands elsewhere. These illusions are that it is possible today to make a living as an "extra" and that "extra" work is the way to "break into the movies."

Extra work in motion pictures is just what the word implies—casual employment on a daily basis. By no possibility can it be translated into steady occupation. The individual extra player is of small significance. When he appears he is one of a crowd or assembly. If individual work is needed a "bit" player or an actor is used.

There are several thousand people registered as extras at the Central Casting Corporation. In all studios each day there is work for an average of but 300 registered extras and approximately 300 more unregistered folk, atmosphere or crowd people. The wage runs from $3.20 per day up to $15. The chance that even the types most in demand will average three days a week is remote.

In twenty years it is improbable that more than twenty men and women have broken out of the extra ranks into the upper levels, while hundreds once prominent—even stars and directors—are now in the extra ranks. A competent pari-mutuel figurer would probably place the chances of advancement as five thousand to one against. My own estimate would double that chance. The Central Casting office keeps careful records of the earnings of extra people. There is a bottom earning level below which the records do not go. No record is kept of an extra player whose earnings are less than forty-five dollars a month. And there are just 1,400 people whose earnings reach that figure or better! There are not 200 whose earnings reach $100 a month, and there are perhaps fifty who, because of some special qualifications or good personal salesmanship, will reach $200! And these last few have invested from $1,500 to $2,500 in wardrobe and must spend from $500 to $750 a year in maintaining it!

This sort of thing is all too frequent: A few months ago two little girls, one twelve and the other eight, travel-stained and hungry, appeared at the Central Casting office and announced that they had come to work in motion pictures. Their mother in an Ohio town had scrimped and saved to give them dancing lessons. When she thought they were proficient enough—or when her money gave out—she put them on a bus, unaccompanied, and sent them two thousand miles to Hollywood. Two or three days after arrival, with the co-operation of the Travelers' Aid Society, they were sent back home. Later a letter arrived from the mother announcing that they were now ready to be sent back, as they had vastly improved. It was necessary to wire a social agency in the Ohio town to use every effort to stop them.

The percentage of women in the extra ranks is almost double that of men, but—and here's an unfortunate fact—there is work for but half as many women as men! And we don't need a diagram to explain that the position of a destitute girl in a strange town is far worse than that of a destitute young man. In the motion picture of today mere beauty is a very secondary requirement, and usually the winner of a home-town beauty contest had better stay home, as ninety-nine times out of a hundred she's just "five dollars' worth of pretty girl."

CRIES "Stop!"

by CAMPBELL MacCULLOCH

The Central Casting office that gives out "extra" work. Above: "Dress people" showing, at the Central Casting Corporation's review, that they belong in their class.

Perhaps properly, the men and women who have come to extra work from the stage or former screen days believe they should have preference in extra work, but there are hundreds of people who have spent ten or even fifteen years doing extra work and know nothing else—people who by long experience know exactly what extra requirements are—and they think they should have preference.

The ideal solution is, of course, to divide the work evenly throughout the registered list. Unfortunately that is impossible, for certain groups are more in demand than others. What are known as "dress" people, for example, meaning those who have good wardrobes and are competent to portray ladies and gentlemen at smart functions, are more in demand than character people or other special types. And there is always the pressure from those outside the dress group to break into it.

Recently, so persistent was the demand for recognition as "dress" classification that Central Casting Corporation held a review at which any man or woman registered with us was eligible to appear before twelve judges and demonstrate his or her right to that classification. Nearly 1,000 women and some 600 men put in an appearance. As a result the dress classification was largely revised, the change being about 50 per cent—veteran dress people being dropped in favor of newcomers.

But to return to the economic situation. It can best be summed up by stating that there are at least twenty-six persons available for each single day's work as an extra! I'd say that there are seventeen women for each day's work for a woman, and nine men for each day's work for a man!

Of course it is impossible to spread work to cover a situation like that. We have established a daily reminder list composed of the neediest cases and from that we draw as many as we can—once or twice taking over 200 from it. But that is a drop in the bucket of the extra people's need.

The constant cry is "Give us work!" It can't be done to satisfy the need. Until recently, perhaps because of misunderstanding of the problem, the destitute and sometimes desperate extra people seeking work were not permitted even to discuss unemployment with this office. As a result, a bitter feeling against the office grew up.

Three months ago this writer established a complaint bureau which aims to explain as fully and patiently as possible what the conditions are; to meet such human needs as it is possible to meet. We have co-ordinated the possibilities that lie in 160 relief agencies in Los Angeles County and have been able to take care of some of the most desperate conditions imaginable. In all, 1,500 cases have come into the complaint bureau and have had some measure of relief provided.

Many a fond mother in the last decade, fired by the success of Jackie Coogan, Shirley Temple, or Jackie Cooper, has visioned her child as drawing a thousand dollars a week. Fifteen hundred have registered their children at Central Casting office. Actually this office can distribute 175 days of work each week to children, and the wage is small and the work hedged about with restrictions.

The situation in general is getting worse with each passing month, and some note of warning must be sounded for the people throughout North America who have their eye on Hollywood. To every man and woman, to every boy and girl everywhere in the United States, Canada, and Mexico: Do not come to Hollywood with the expectation of finding work in motion pictures!

THE END

The Little ROOM

READING TIME ● 21 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

MISS NORMA MADDEN in russet brown was an ornament to the late fall landscape. Even Sydney Boyd conceded the fact—and Boyd was a mean little man, with no tender impulses. Indeed the charm of Miss Madden was a source of annoyance to Mr. Boyd, who firmly believed that she traded upon that asset and was therefore more valuable to Bryce & Perriman, Realtors, than was Mr. Boyd himself. She was certainly more successful with cozy little two-room apartments and cunning little vine-strangled cottages.

But it was a fact, not admitted by Mr. Boyd, that Norma's acumen was second only to her sex appeal. Norma was a phenomenon among real-estate agents. If you had a weak heart and couldn't walk up more than two flights of stairs, she didn't send you to inspect the rooms in the fifth story of a quaint old remodeled mansion. If you insisted upon sunlight, she didn't make you look at adorable little cellars.

"Well," queried Mr. Boyd, eying her with suspicion, "did you put over the Waring house?"

"Oh, no," she told him cheerfully. "Oh, no—it wasn't the house for those people. I knew they wouldn't appreciate it, but they *would* see it. It wasn't gaudy enough for Mrs. Harvey."

"You don't seem very much upset about it," Mr. Boyd observed.

"I'd like to sell that house to somebody nice," she said briefly.

Sydney Boyd turned a dubious eye upon her. When it came to the question of the Waring house, she was—it seemed to him—almost demented.

Norma herself would have confessed an irrational interest in this particular piece of property. After all, it wasn't *her* house—but with all her heart she wished it might have been.

The object of this passion was a small brick Tudor house set down in an absurdly formal little garden. The house had a dignity of its own—with its two stories and

NORMA DREW HERSELF UP TO HER FULL H

"YOU ARE INSULTING, MR. CALDWELL!"

A Man and a Girl, a Bet and a Battle in Which the Loser Won—You'll Like This Sprightly Story of Love's Inscrutable Ways

by

JOSEPHINE BENTHAM

ILLUSTRATION BY CARL MUELLER

its minute attic floor; but it had been planned on such a small scale that, in its perfect way, it was like a house for dolls. A tiny entrance room, set at an angle, led into a "great hall," properly timbered of ceiling, in which one could imagine Lilliputian revels. From the long windows one looked out upon the beautiful rolling countryside of Connecticut.

Lloyd Waring, its present owner, was asking twenty thousand dollars for this paradise within walls. And in Norma's bank account was the sum, exactly, of seven hundred and fifteen dollars and eighty-nine cents.

But even if she could not dream of owning the house herself, she did hope to find somebody worthy of it. It would have been hateful to think of some one like Mrs. Harvey parading in that formal little garden! So, stripping off her gloves and tossing them into a drawer of her desk, she smiled a little to herself—in spite of the fact that she had lost a commission that day.

"Well, there's been another nibble for the place," Boyd was saying with a certain reluctance. "A young chap called Caldwell. I heard him telling Mr. Perriman that he thinks it would just about suit him—if Mrs. Caldwell likes it. Old Perriman made an appointment with him for you. You'll find a memo on your desk."

Norma ran hastily through the papers on her desk. She was not a very tidy young person.

"Oh, yes," she said at last. "Here it is. Peter Caldwell. Did you see him, Sydney? Is he nice?"

Boyd stared at her. Then he shook his head unhappily.

"I wish *I* had that house to sell," he told her. "I wouldn't care if I sold it to a gorilla." . . .

"You see," Norma was explaining carefully, later that day, "the place has everything any one could possibly want. And there'll be no need of repairs or anything of that sort."

"In fact," drawled Peter Caldwell, "it would seem nothing less than ideal."

Norma glanced at her client defensively. One of the

reasons why she had disliked him so whole-heartedly from the first was this subtle hint of mockery in his voice. Norma Madden usually disliked young men who had everything; she usually picked on the halt and the blind. And Peter Caldwell was one of the young lords—if not of the earth, then certainly of the State of Connecticut. Twenty thousand dollars was obviously an amount he could have spent on a plaything. It was not that he boasted—he would have been more likable if he *had* boasted, thought Norma savagely. What was enraging her was his calm assumption that the house belonged to him by some sort of divine right.

Now he was smiling a little.

"I gather that you rather like the house yourself, Miss Madden."

She blushed furiously—to her own great annoyance.

"It has nothing to do with me," she informed him. "Except as an agent, I have no interest in it whatsoever!"

This vehemence seemed to amuse him.

"Then you don't mind selling it to me," he said.

"Why in the world should I mind, Mr. Caldwell?"

"I don't know," he retorted, still with the gleam of amusement in his eye. "I merely got that impression, that's all. I'm—er—sensitive."

If he had laughed outright, thought Norma, he could not have been more insulting.

That night she pulled out her bankbook and stared at it until tears began to smart in her eyes. This measly little amount was all that she had been able to save in four whole years! (And she had been exceptionally successful. The fact that her savings were meager was due to her own improvidence—but this fact poured no oil on Norma's wrath.) There was no chance in the world that she could make a down payment on the Waring house. And even if there had been, buying a house would have been a ridiculous undertaking for a young unmarried woman.

But, senseless as it was, she brooded over the idea. The Waring house had become more than a house: it had become a symbol of all that Norma Madden had always wanted in her life—all that she had never had. An orphan since early childhood, she had gone from the chaste corridors of boarding school to the not-so-chaste corridors of second-rate hotels. Her own rise to independence had coincided with the draining of her inheritance. She hadn't much to complain about—indeed she was of too sanguine a nature to dream of complaining! There was only this one great unfulfilled desire, this desire which the Waring house would have met so completely.

She pulled a little hat over one eyebrow and went out for a walk in the crisp night air.

BY the afternoon of the following day young Caldwell had made up his mind. He had inspected the house for the second time, and he had put the seal of his nonchalant approval upon it.

"I congratulate you!" said Norma briskly.

"You really think it's a good buy?"

"Oh, an excellent buy. If Mrs. Caldwell—"

"I'm sure she'll like it—she has a way of relying on my judgment, you see."

Norma found a moment in which to be fervently grateful that *she* was not Mrs. Caldwell. But when a man was good-looking he could make a fool of almost any woman.

"Of course," he was saying easily, "the house is rather small—it doesn't give much scope for house guests. With only four bedrooms—"

"Three," said Norma. "Three bedrooms!"

He stared at her.

"Pardon me," he said then. "I counted four. And with only four bedrooms—"

"Mr. Caldwell!" said Norma. "I don't want you to buy the house from us under any—any misapprehension. There are only *three* bedrooms. Of course that's not counting the maid's room off the kitchen downstairs."

"No, I wasn't counting the maid's room," he said in some perplexity. "But surely you're mistaken, Miss Madden. I certainly counted four rooms upstairs!"

How insufferably sure of himself the man was!

"You must have counted in the linen closet," she said icily.

For the first time his aplomb was shaken a little. He reddened.

"I did not count the linen closet, Miss Madden!"

"Well, there are only three bedrooms. And I wouldn't want you to buy the house thinking there were four!"

"For some unfathomable reason," he said between his teeth, "I know you've *never* wanted me to buy the house! I assure you I'd buy it if there weren't a bedroom in it. But as a matter of fact, I'm very sure I'm right. After all, I inspected the place very carefully, you know, because when a man's buying property—"

"Mr. Caldwell," said Norma, "you certainly must think I'm a pretty feeble real-estate agent if you think I wouldn't have accurate information about a house in my own hands!"

"That reasoning—if you will pardon me—is very feminine. I have no doubt that you're an admirable real-estate agent. But the point is that there are four—"

"I *beg* your pardon!" cried Norma desperately. "There are *three!*"

She caught the eye of Sydney Boyd, which was fixed upon her in shocked reproof.

THE telephone rang for Boyd, and a moment later he left the office with a certain reluctance. Now Norma and her client were alone, facing each other defiantly. Their fury had leveled the last pretense of formality between them: they seemed to have known each other, and to have hated each other, for a lifetime.

"I'd bet anything in this world that I'm right!" he was telling her.

"Making a bet would be quite unfair on my part," said Norma, with dangerous sweetness. "Because I know I'm right!"

"I'll bet you the house—I'll bet you the house against one good cigar—"

"Please, Mr. Caldwell!" said Norma. "Please! I don't want to be 'feminine' about this, you know. *I'll* bet—I'll bet seven hundred and fifteen dollars and eighty-nine cents!"

He did not seem to be struck by the oddity of this sum. Neither of them, in fact, was in a mood to find anything odd about any part of this exceedingly odd situation.

"Are you taking me on?" she asked him grimly.

There could have been only one answer to that. Within five minutes Norma Madden and her client were on their way to the house on Valley Creek Road.

Peter's car was a roadster: it was necessary that Norma should sit beside him. An immeasurable distance yawned between them nevertheless.

When the time came to return, she insisted that it was imperative for her to pay a business call in the neighborhood. The business call was a myth. When Peter's car was safely out of sight, she walked to the nearest highway and hitchhiked her way back to the office.

Once at her desk, she had a little time for calm reflection.

She had won the bet. There *were* only three bedrooms. And she had admitted candidly to herself that no one could have improved upon Peter Caldwell's attitude. After he had peered incredulously into each of the three rooms—only to confront a linen closet in looking for a fourth—he had laughed aloud and held out his hand. The bet had been a good sporting proposition, he said, and she had won it in all fairness.

Of course, as Norma reminded herself uneasily, the whole thing had been ridiculous. Now, in sobering down, she was quite honestly ashamed of herself. Normally she was a good-tempered individual who didn't take herself too seriously.

But after a while she shook her head impatiently and plunged back to work. Peter Caldwell would simply disappear—that was all.

The next morning she was alone in the office when Peter Caldwell appeared. For a moment she tried to analyze her own emotion—to reduce it to its component parts of resentment and surprise. And the insufferable young man seemed to know what was going on in her mind. Norma Madden arose—stiffened her back—and

stared at him. The fact that she was a very little person detracted in no wise from her dignity.

"Good morning," he said blandly. "I came in to fix things up about the house."

Instantly she was the real-estate agent.

"Then you haven't changed your mind about the deal?" she said politely.

His right eyebrow lifted.

"Naturally *not*, Miss Madden! I suppose I have to sign a deed or something of the sort before I can transfer the property to you?"

"Oh, as to that—" murmured Norma. "That's out of the question, of course."

He regarded her in astonishment.

"I don't understand, Miss Madden!"

"I'm sure you *do* understand, Mr. Caldwell. I'm sure you realize that I couldn't possibly take the house from you. I admit that I was excited yesterday—I behaved very foolishly. But of course the whole thing's absurd—ridiculous—not to be thought of!"

The tone of her voice indicated that she did not intend any further discussion; the slight turn of her shoulder was almost a dismissal.

BUT he merely took a firmer stand.

"It is my custom," he said coldly, "to pay my debts."

"I've no doubt of it," said Norma just as coldly. "But in a case like this—the only thing for us both to do is to admit that we lost our heads a little. We weren't in a sane and sensible frame of mind. I have no intention of holding you to that bet, Mr. Caldwell."

"But it is *my* intention that concerns us," he said gently—too gently. "And it happens to be my intention to take care of this and any other gambling debt! Why, what would you think of me if I didn't?"

"What I think of you," said Norma, "is of no importance."

He seemed disinclined to argue this point.

"If *you* had lost the bet," he told her, "you'd take the same attitude!"

"Perhaps—but the amount I put up was trivial." Norma relished the word. She repeated it, grandly. "Trivial! And that's the whole point of my argument. The bet was unfair—the odds against you were all out of proportion—and besides, I knew I was right all the time!"

"I accepted the terms of the bet at the time," he reminded her. "It was all aboveboard. I really do insist, Miss Madden—"

"You can insist until doomsday—it won't make the slightest difference to me, Mr. Caldwell, not the slightest! Because—wait a minute! Here's Mr. Boyd."

Peter turned. Sydney Boyd was hurrying forward, to include them both in his attention. He really had a bombshell, and he was proud of it: the bombshell concerned Mr. Henry Bryce, senior member of Bryce & Perriman, an absent-minded old gentleman prone to mistakes. But he had never made a mistake so serious: This very morning he had sold the Waring house!

"Sold it!" repeated Norma incredulously.

"Sold it!" repeated Peter even more incredulously.

"*Sold* it!" affirmed Sydney Boyd in triumph.

"But he simply can't have sold it!" cried Norma. "Because Mr. Caldwell here—"

"I know all that," said Boyd; "but I guess old Bryce forgot the property was exclusively in your hands, and he ran into Albert Pratt this morning in a coffee shop and—"

"Albert Pratt!" said Norma. "Do you mean to say that Albert Pratt has bought the Waring house?"

"Who's Albert Pratt?" asked Peter curiously.

"He's a detestable old man!" cried Norma. "He's the most detestable old man I ever knew in my life! He'll throw drunken parties in my beautiful little house, that's what he'll do!"

"Your beautiful little house!" mocked Boyd.

"What's this man's name?" asked Peter suddenly. "Pratt? Albert Pratt? Does he live in Beechwood?"

"He spends the week ends at the Inn," explained Boyd. "But now, after all these years, I guess he's de-

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cided to run his own show. Why—"

"Sorry," broke in Peter. "I've got to cut right along. G'morning, Miss Madden—Mr. Boyd."

He was gone. Sydney stared after him.

"What do you suppose *he's* going to do?" he demanded.

"I haven't the least idea," said Norma. "I haven't the very least idea!"

But she had not spoken truthfully. She was beginning to know Peter Caldwell rather well, and she had a very good idea of what he was going to do.

Three days later, when Sydney Boyd broke his big news, Norma wasn't at all surprised.

"And Pratt made a five-hundred-dollar turnover on the deal," Boyd was concluding. "He had the house three days and then he turns it over to Caldwell with a five-hundred-dollar profit for himself!"

Norma smiled absently. Then she reached for her powder compact. Peter would be in—and she wanted to be at her best in confronting somebody she detested and despised. That's a human instinct, after all.

Scarcely had she put the cap back on her lipstick when Peter Caldwell swung into the office, as jaunty and self-confident as ever.

"I'm sorry about the delay," he told her. "There was quite a little bickering and dickering between Mr. Pratt and myself—but I got the house back for practically what he paid for it."

"A little matter of five hundred dollars," muttered Norma.

"But he wanted five thousand! It was as good as salting forty-five hundred dollars away in the bank! Now if we can just arrange about transferring the deed, Miss Madden—"

"Excuse me. The deed to whom?"

"To you, Miss Madden!"

"Mr. Caldwell! Do you *really* think—on the strength of the most ridiculous bet that's ever been made in this world—"

HE waited politely for her to conclude this query. But it never came to any conclusion. It was as if Norma Madden had been struck in the very middle of her sentence by a bolt from the blue.

"Mr. Caldwell," she said solemnly, "I don't know why it didn't occur to me before—and I don't know why it's just occurred to me now—but I didn't *win* that bet!"

He eyed her unbelievingly.

"Well, who did?"

"You did!" said Norma.

"Now, now—I saw with my own eyes that there were only three bedrooms—"

"There are four bedrooms!" said Norma triumphantly.

"We weren't counting the maid's room downstairs, remember."

"No—there are four bedrooms upstairs! Three on the second floor—and one on the third floor!"

"Third floor!"

"Well, it's what they call an attic floor," said Norma breathlessly. "But it's not really an attic. There was enough space for a little bit of a bedroom—but I'd forgotten all about it. And consequently, Mr. Caldwell, I owe *you* seven hundred and fifteen dollars and eighty-nine cents!"

An hour later she was turning the key in the front door of the house on Valley Creek Road. He waited at her elbow, saying no word.

By this time they were nothing short of grim. The battle which had ensued after Norma's last ultimatum made all the other battles look like mild and mannerly little chats.

OF course she had firmer ground under her feet than he had. For he had insisted upon the honorable necessity of paying the debt when he had thought it was his. Now his arguments were a little weak when she insisted that paying the debt was *her* prerogative.

He fell back on his belief that there couldn't possibly be a room in the attic story. And Norma was hating him so ardently by this time that she exulted in the idea of losing her entire bank balance. To see this arrogant gentleman eating his humble pie—what a satisfaction *that* would be!

Wordlessly they walked across the floor to the tiny winding stairway. Wordlessly they walked up the stairs—past the three bedrooms and the linen closet—and continued their ascent to the gabled roof.

Norma flung open the door.

"There!" she cried, unable to restrain her triumph. "There!"

Whereupon she marched into the room and he followed her.

She turned swiftly to surprise a glance which should have been crestfallen. But, to her amazement, Peter Caldwell was looking down upon her pityingly.

"Of course this isn't a *room*," he said.

Norma's eyes rounded, and her jaw dropped a little. She looked like a very pretty child who had just seen a jack-in-the-box.

"This isn't a *room?*" she repeated at last.

"Why, no, obviously not. Look here—if I don't stand in the exact center of it, I have to duck my head!"

"Well, that's because you're so awfully tall, of course," said Norma, recovering herself. "It would be a perfectly convenient bedroom for somebody my size, for instance—perfectly convenient."

"Most people aren't so little, Miss Madden."

This was the last straw—to Norma, who had always cherished a hopeless desire to be a Queenly Woman. She turned crimson.

"Oh, if you're going to beg the question, Mr. Caldwell—and split hairs about it—and *quibble!*"

He shook his head.

"I'm not quibbling, Miss Madden. I'm only trying to be reasonable. And any reasonable person would agree that I'd lost the bet—that this is *not* a room!"

"It has a door, hasn't it? And a window? And *p-plaster* on the walls?"

"Yes—but the Lord only knows why."

"Because whoever built this house thought somebody might need an extra room—that's why!"

"Then I guess Mr. Singer must have built it."

Norma drew herself up to her full height.

"You are insulting, Mr. Caldwell!"

"Oh, no, no, no—you've got me wrong—I didn't mean that *you* were a midget! As a matter of fact I like little wo—I mean I was exaggerating, of course. But the point remains that this little doghouse (or whatever it is) isn't what any architect in his right mind would call a room. It—"

"What is your definition of a room, Mr. Caldwell?"

But if she thought she had him she was mistaken.

"A room," he said promptly, "is an adequate space, enclosed by four walls, suitable for human habitation."

Norma restrained a lamentable impulse to stamp her foot.

"Then this is a room!" she said.

"My dear girl, you couldn't even get any furniture in it."

"Yes, I could! I'd put a studio couch over there by the window, and nail some bookshelves to that wall, and put a chest of drawers opposite the couch, and a small table and a nice comfortable scoop chair by the table—"

"You could put bookshelves all along the length of the wall, for that matter, and maybe another chair—a smaller chair—by the chest—"

"It's too bad there isn't a fireplace!"

"Yes, it should have some sort of focal point—maybe a good picture—"

"But the books are most important—"

"Of course most of 'em would be downstairs—"

"Yes, but just a few *favorites* up here—"

"Yeats—"

"John Masefield!"

"Yes, and one or two good anthologies. For fiction, Tristram Shandy—"

"And Vanity Fair—"

"What! No Hemingway?"

"Do you *insist* upon modern people?"

"Oh, just one or two!"

"Yes, if— Why, Mr. Caldwell!"

THUS brought down to earth and their own identities, they stared at each other as if this were the morning of the world—and they the first two living creatures to appear in the dawn.

Then they laughed.

They laughed until the tears rolled down their cheeks, and they rocked on their heels, and they fell, spent and blissful, into each other's arms.

It was several minutes before she became conscious of his arms; she withdrew from them with a surprising reluctance.

"I'm sorry I was so hotheaded about that bet," she said at last. "I don't know what made me behave the way I did!"

"*I* was the one who acted like a chump," he assured her. "I can't imagine why I—why you and I—"

"I know," she said hastily.

"Let's cancel the bet. Because it *is* a room and yet it isn't, if you know what I mean—"

"Of course! And anyhow you have the house. That's the important thing. I hope—I hope Mrs. Caldwell will like it."

"Oh, my mother's changed her mind about the house. She's decided to stay in Pasadena. I bought the place on my own."

"Your mother! But I'd thought it was your wife!"

He looked very unhappy.

"No, I haven't a wife," he said.

"Maybe some day you'll have one," she murmured, staring very hard at a blank wall.

"It's an idea I'm going to work on," he told her.

They smiled at each other very sheepishly. Together, then, they walked slowly out of the little room.

THE END

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4 stars—Extraordinary 3 stars—Excellent
2 stars—Good 1 star—Poor
0 star—Very Poor

READING TIME ● 11 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

SWIFT, SATIR

The Films Do Lusty Homage to the Sleuth in Prison, and Provide Junior with a

Robert Armstrong and James Cagney in G-Men, which pay

★ ★ ★ ½ G-MEN

THE PLAYERS: James Cagney, Margaret Lindsay, Ann Dvorak, Robert Armstrong, Barton McLane, Lloyd Nolan, William Harrigan, Russell Hopton, Edward Pawley, Noel Madison, Regis Toomey, Monte Blue, and others. Directed by William Keighley. Story by Gregory Rogers.

WARNERS, whose gunfire blazed the trail in the gangster films, find themselves at last on the right side of the law. The first of many pictures of the same patriotic air now in feverish production at all the major studios, G-Men is one long, lusty paean in homage to our federal agents. It is also a violent, sanguinary, and highly exciting film—one packed with swiftly paced action.

Because the law does not allow state police to follow criminals across border lines, thugs equipped with airplanes and autos have little trouble in eluding local forces. When the terrorism wrought by gangs became so pointed that it could no longer be tolerated, Washington stepped in with government agents—G-Men—trained to meet the gangster on his own bloody ground.

Against this war-riddled Middle Western background, G-Men stands as a thoroughly engrossing melodrama. The main thread of the story is no more than one of those bickering-buddy things, but the film is so studded with headline incidents that G-Men has a timeliness and significance seldom surpassed.

Jimmy Cagney is seen as a young lawyer who joins the G-Men for revenge when his pal, Regis Toomey, is murdered by gangsters. Himself a slum boy and valuable for his acquaintance with racketeers, Cagney goes about blasting out the public enemies, aiming at No. 1 and shooting and slugging his way through the entire list.

The beauteous Ann Dvorak and Margaret Lindsay attempt to inject a feminine note in the film, but G-Men remains as masculine as a bank robbery.

VITAL STATISTICS: No fewer than five major companies are busy fashioning G-Men exploits. Warner Bros. cunningly got the jump on their G-Manner by putting three companies to work simultaneously making it. Director Keighley made the drammer while director McGann did the smash-bang sequences and director Bobby Connolly the musical stuff. Even so, it took about six weeks to shoot it. . . . G-Men cost around $450,000. . . . Bloody facts from the filming: All the bullets you hear or see fired are real. Three expert machine- and rifle-gunners: George ($100 per day) Daly, Fred Davis, and Bob Berscheid did all the banging away, which at times had to miss the actors by perfectly timed split seconds. Real revolver bullets rip through the door in the scene in which Edward Pawley is hotel-captured. An actual machine-gun burst is sent through the windshield of the car which Barton McLane is driving to his filmed doom. For hours after this scene they were picking glass shavings and slivers out of McLane's tough neck. Such experts have to be expert and such actors have to be tough! . . . Bravery citation: William Harrigan, for scene in summer resort where, bound to a chair, he allows a machine-gun burst to pass a hail of lethal bullets over his head, smashing a row of glasses and bottles. The fact is, Harrigan can take it. Was in Seventy-seventh Division and advanced through a barrage that was laying down the shells at rate of 14,000 per minute. . . . 250 gardenias were needed to keep gangster Ed Pawley's lapel decorated according to the script. . . . Cagney plays on the side of the police for the first time. Likes not being a hoodlum. People were complaining about it, he claims, and writing in asking him to mend his cinema ways. . . . Director William Keighley likes his practical joke, and during filming let off surprise machine-gun bursts, driving jittery players under the table. Also flang pebbles at actors during shamble scenes until some one threw one at him. He quit. . . . Cagney now gets around $4,500. But would you duck bullets for $4,500 a week?

★ ★ ½ THE DARING YOUNG MAN

THE PLAYERS: James Dunn, Mae Clarke, Neil Hamilton, Sidney Toler, Warren Hymer, Stanley Fields, Madge Bellamy, Frank Melton, Raymond Hatton, Jack LaRue, Arthur Treacher. Directed by William Seiter. Story by Sidney Skolsky and Claude Binyon.

THE DARING YOUNG MAN can never quite make up its mind whether to be a light romance or a satire on prison conditions. But the film is a generally pleasing little item in which the bouncing Jimmy Dunn and Mae Clarke are seen as rival reporters whose budding romance blossoms amid scenes of murders, fires, and riot calls.

Dunn is a confirmed misogamist who champions his prejudices to any one willing to listen. When he becomes interested in the very interesting Miss Clarke, it does not come as a complete surprise that he changes his views on marriage, but the expected romantic development is carried on in a sprightly, amiable manner. All his qualms smothered, Dunn sets a date for the wedding, but before he can warn his fiancée he is shipped to jail by his editor, who demands an investigation of police bribery.

Based evidently on New York's Welfare Island scandal, the film suddenly drops all thought of turbulent young love to become a slapstick portrait of crooked cops and rich racketeers whose life behind the bars is made bearable with drink, music, and gambling. When it is discovered that Dunn is a reporter, the loyal prisoners take great delight in playfully punching the writer who would besmirch the name of the corrective institution.

Meanwhile Miss Clarke, who when not waiting at the church or writing news features has been listening to the pleadings of Neil Hamilton, finally decides to marry him. Before this engaging film finishes its course, quite a few people are left stranded at the altar. But all the lovelorn entanglements are straightened in an entertaining if not logical manner.

VITAL STATISTICS: Picture filmed under title of Safe in Jail. Became Man Proposes, and now halves with the trapeze feller. Sidney Skolsky (real name: Skolsky), tab columnist, and Claude Binyon, former Variety boy, penned it. Skolsky made his newspaper rep by virtue of intimate readable pentypes of famous Broadway actors. Got his material for this number from the Welfare Island scandal which blew open a year ago. Audiences in other cities may find film's jail sequences incredible and unbelievable, but situations had counterpart in real life—such as the inmate with the police dog in his cell, radios going, card playing, drinking, and the night-out system by which convicts went to the movies over the river, provided they checked in at midnite. . . . Sam Hellman and Glenn Tryon, former screen clown, did additional dialogue. . . . The melee in the prison-corridor sequence cost several black eyes, it got that hot in the mixing. . . . Mae Clarke, who debutted at Fox five years ago, is back. In

ICAL, SIMPLE

by BEVERLY HILLS

or Uncle Sam, Grin a Bit at Racketeers

fternoon of Good Clean Fun in the West

omage to the exploits of Department of Justice operatives.

those days Fox made all its mistakes at Western Avenue. Since then it has moved to a lovely spot in the Fox Hills from which you can see the mountains, the sea, and 20-per-cent-off cleaning and dyeing establishments as far as the eye can reach on the Los Angeles plain below. . . . Mae Clarke's the dotter of an Atlantic City movie manual worker who worked with his feet. He was an organist, youse dummies, youse! . . . Director William Seiter claims the least direction is the best direction, so he doesn't repress his actors' natural ebullience with overdirection. . . . Two billion dollars in fake bills were printed for this picture. The studio had to get permission from the Treasury to do so and had to destroy each bill afterward.

★ ★ RAINBOW'S END

THE PLAYERS: Hoot Gibson, June Gale, Oscar Apfel, Warner Richmond, Ada Ince, Charles Hill, Stanley Blystone. Directed by Norman Spencer. Story by Rollo Lloyd.

WHAT with Jimmy Cagney shooting all the bad men he can find and Jimmy Dunn fighting it out with a prisonful of murderous morons, the pugnacious antics displayed by Hoot Gibson are bound to seem no more than a bit of good clean fun. In Rainbow's End, Hoot is seen as an errant son who goes West, discovers the thief on his father's ranch, finds the girl of his dreams, locates stolen cattle, and has a swell time punching people.

This little film solves the problem about what to do with Junior on Saturday afternoon. The fighting is all done without guns, the humor is of the kick-in-the-pants variety, virtue triumphs over all, and the predigested plot, though interwoven, demands no mental effort.

June Gale blends nicely with the outdoor photography, and the whole film is carried out in such a casual unpretentious air that we found this horse opera as pleasing as many of the recent "colossal" productions.

VITAL STATISTICS: Since the days of Broncho Billy Anderson, Westerns have been the backbone of the cinema. They have always been cheap to make; they have cleaned up comfortably; and there is yet to be a financial failure among them. And what was The Lives of a Bengal Lancer but a glorified horse opera? . . . Hoot (Hooter) Gibson yippied into this world at Tekamah, Nebraska, a little village near the Sioux reservations. Learned to talk Sioux almost before English. Known as the Gibson Troupe, he and his family barnstormed Cornhuskland. Hoot clogged and sang with his sister Jessie when he was nine. Della, his mother, ran the stereopticon slide machine, while his father managed and booked the act. Hoot rode and did falls for Henry B. Walthall, Arthur Johnson, and others in the old D. W. Griffith days. With the Kalem Co. he doubled for Alice Joyce, Carlyle Blackwell, and did all of Helen Holmes's riding and stunts in The Hazards of Helen. Does anybody in the house know who doubled for Pearl White in The Perils of Pauline? At a teeny age Hoot began punching cows on his paw's ranch. Was acclaimed world's champion cowboy at Pendleton in 1912 and started making his own pictures in 1919. Has made over 200 equine operas since then. In addition has been a rodeo star. Has been a race driver, racing autos, motorcycles, and airplanes. Has been off screen two years recovering from an almost fatal backbreaking sustained at Mines Field air races when his plane crashed making a pylon turn. Picture cost around $70,000, of which his salary must be half.

★ ½ MARY JANE'S PA

THE PLAYERS: Aline MacMahon, Guy Kibbee, Betty Jean Hainey, Nan Grey, John Arledge, Tom Brown, Robert McWade, Robert Light, De Witt Jennings. Directed by William Keighley. From the play by Edith Ellis.

PICTURE, if you can, Guy Kibbee as a husband who leaves wife and children because the distant horizons are calling. Picture, too, Mr. Kibbee coming home after eleven years of wandering about, to find his wife, Aline MacMahon, a successful newspaper publisher and about to remarry. Then picture—and this is the hardest of all—Mr. Kibbee taking, for some reason, a job as cook in his wife's home and, handicapped by age, corpulence, and his kitchen costume, rewinning her affection and hand, and you'll have a fairly accurate image of Mary Jane's Pa.

From this Warners have concocted a picture that more than likely caused many chuckles in the conference room but which comes to the screen as a slow-moving, awkwardly contrived offering with not even that speck of verisimilitude that comedy must have. Aline MacMahon is wasted in her role, but the other members of the cast seem to have a good time.

VITAL STATISTICS: Aline MacMahon celebrated picture completion by snapping off her contract with Warner Bros. Feels her recent roles keep her fastened to a rolling pin in a bourgeois kitchen. She wants to be glamorous among silken sheets and De Milleionaire stairways. Is undoubtedly one of Hollywood's ranking actresses, but the camera just can't catch her as a glamour girl: she's too serious and stable. Born in McKeesport, Pennsylvania, she might have become a newspaperwoman like her pioneer woman newsfeaturer aunt, Sophie Irene Loeb, except that Barnard College theatricals got her. Warners will probably use her in roles she likes and she'll not do badly tilting the free-lance. She's been getting about a thousand a week, or, as lady college deans would say, a cool grand. And that's what Aline is: coolly grand. . . . Guy Kibbee is forty-eight years old and for the past thirty-four years minus four he's been trouping. Those four years he tried to make good printing with his San Franciscan brothers; but the smell of grease paint proved stronger than the smell of printer's ink. Once played romantic roles, although he now goes strictly for the rheumatic ones. Has traveled over 50,000 miles trouping. . . . Betty Jean Hainey is eight and the Warner Bros.' reply to Shirley Temple. Betty's of vodvil aristocrats, having appeared at the old Palace Theater, New York.

FOUR- AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Black Fury, The Band Concert, Private Worlds, Roberta, Clive of India, David Copperfield, The Lives of a Bengal Lancer, Imitation of Life, Chu Chin Chow.

★★★—Doubting Thomas, Les Misérables, Star of Midnight, Life Begins at Forty, One More Spring, Mississippi, West Point of the Air, Naughty Marietta, The Wedding Night, The Little Colonel, Ruggles of Red Gap, Murder on a Honeymoon, Wings in the Dark, The Whole Town's Talking, Society Doctor, The Secret Bride, The Man Who Reclaimed His Head, Here Is My Heart, The Mighty Barnum, Babes in Toyland, Fox Movietone News, The President Vanishes, Sequoia, College Rhythm, Broadway Bill, The White Parade, Anne of Green Gables.

SAM JOHNSON, who had begun life as Boris Ignatieff, was not yet eighteen when he and Liverpool Joe escaped from the "hellship" Samuel H. Johnson into Argentina. There a circus gave them work as handy men. Sam fell in love with the youthful Margarita, bareback rider. He saved her life in the ring. Before long he made good as an acrobat. Meanwhile a revolution against the government was brewing; Margarita and her mother were rebel patriots. Through them, Sam and Joe joined the "Beach Combers' Brigade," in which Sam became a captain. When the rebel forces went up against the Federal army, the brigade charged with the boy at its head; but the native rebels did not follow, and after a heroic little battle against overwhelming odds Joe lay dead and Sam, sorely wounded, was a prisoner. Escaping to the water front, he stowed away on a ship. Her captain proved kindly, but her mate was none other than the roaring Yam Larson, late of the Samuel H. Johnson. However, Sam's fists squared accounts with Larson thoroughly before he swam ashore at Barbados.

From there he worked his way back to Buenos Aires, arriving with the Russian bark Ilos, to find Margarita's mother in jail as a revolutionist and Margarita in—the Calle de Courtesan! Results: for the poor boy, heartbreak; for the poor girl, suicide.

Crazy to Fight

READING TIME ● 19 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

PART THREE—"IS THIS A PRIVATE WAR? O. K.! I'LL BE A PRIVATE!"

THE Ilos put out to sea, bound for Halifax and Bristol and Russian Helsingfors. There would be work, danger, things to make a man forget, things to make a boy grow up. For months Sam Johnson traveled through the wastes of waters and walked the streets of seacoast cities. And the ache of Margarita began to dull, and thoughts of the future began to gnaw.

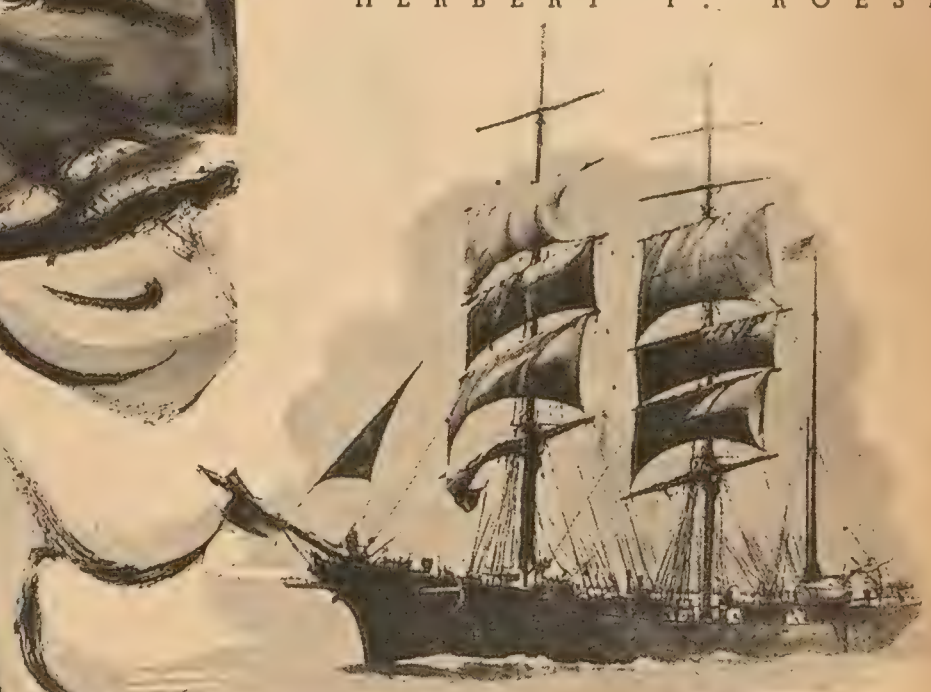
There was a plan to life, he began to realize. There was a place in the world waiting for him. But he had to find it.

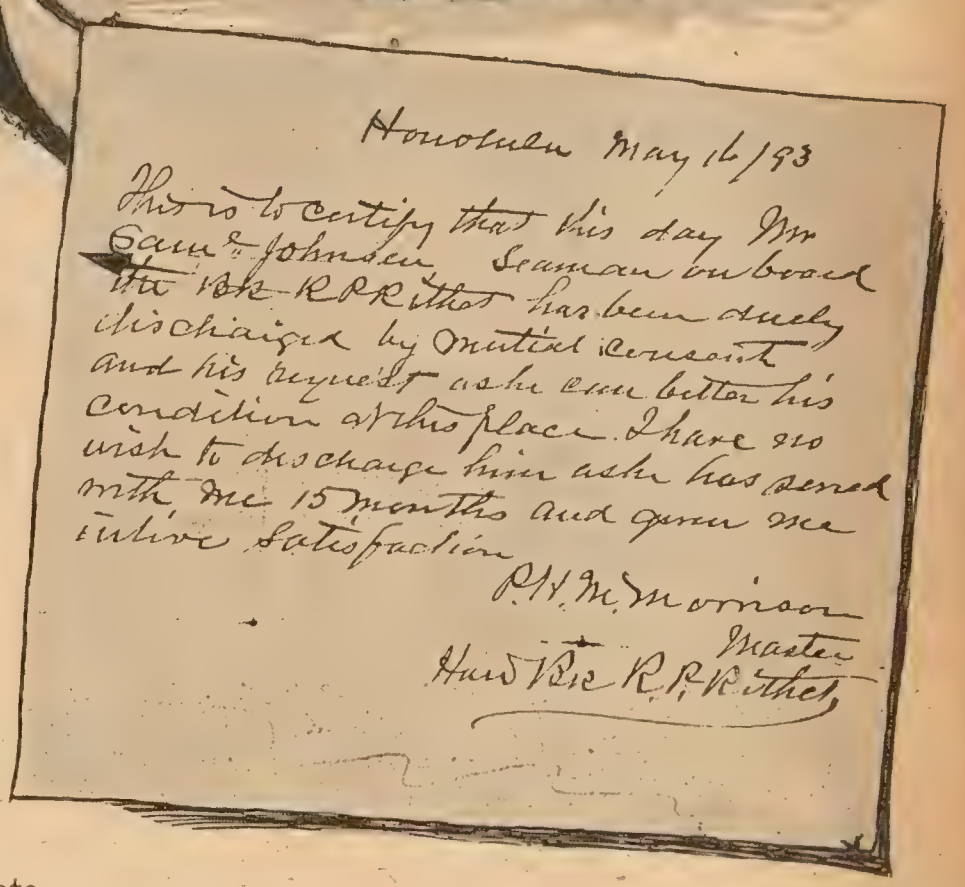
He was paid off at his own request before the ship reached Russian territory. He worked in a coal mine in Cardiff, Wales, because there were no other jobs. He fought with a miner who tried to kill him with his pick. He went back to the sea, signing on under the name of Sim Yonson as a member of the crew of the R. P. Rithet, a new bark flying the flag of Hawaii. All the others who joined gave Scandinavian names too — because only Scandinavian sailors were wanted—but none of them could speak any of the Scandinavian tongues.

The Malay darted toward the white men. They emptied their magazines into him—saw their bullets hit.

by MAJOR MYRON B. GOLDSMITH

ILLUSTRATION BY HERBERT F. ROESE





Honolulu May 16/93

This is to certify that this day Wm Saml Johnson Seaman on board this Bk R P Rithet has been duely discharged by Mutual Consent and his request as he can better his condition at this place. I have no wish to discharge him as he has served with me 15 months and given me entire Satisfaction

P H McMorrison Master

Hond Bk R P Rithet

Hawaii Claims a Cossack Hero—Life or Death in Johore—New Thrills in the Saga of General Sam Johnson, Wild Man of Seven Wars

The ship sailed around the Horn in foul weather, and crept up the western coast of South America.

At Valparaiso Sam tried to get into the Chile-Peruvian war, but without success. At San Francisco, determined to have a home and a country, he took out his first United States citizenship papers. En route to Vancouver, after a sou'wester had washed the second mate and bos'n overboard, he was promoted to acting second mate.

The Rithet arrived in Honolulu harbor as the short troubled reign of Queen Liliuokalani was nearing its end.

Sam's honorable discharge from the bark R. P. Rithet, on which he had rounded the Horn. Above: The bark.

Sam asked for his discharge and went ashore—done with the sea, determined to help the resident Americans checkmate the queen, who was attempting to gain autocratic control of the government.

The U. S. S. Boston had landed sailors and marines to protect the lives and property of American citizens. A Committee of Safety had been formed and military companies were being organized. A crude sign above a door in Beretania Street told Sam that men were wanted for the Honolulu Guards. He went in and asked to enlist.

"You're too young," he was told.

He related his experiences in the Russian army, the fight in the Argentine.

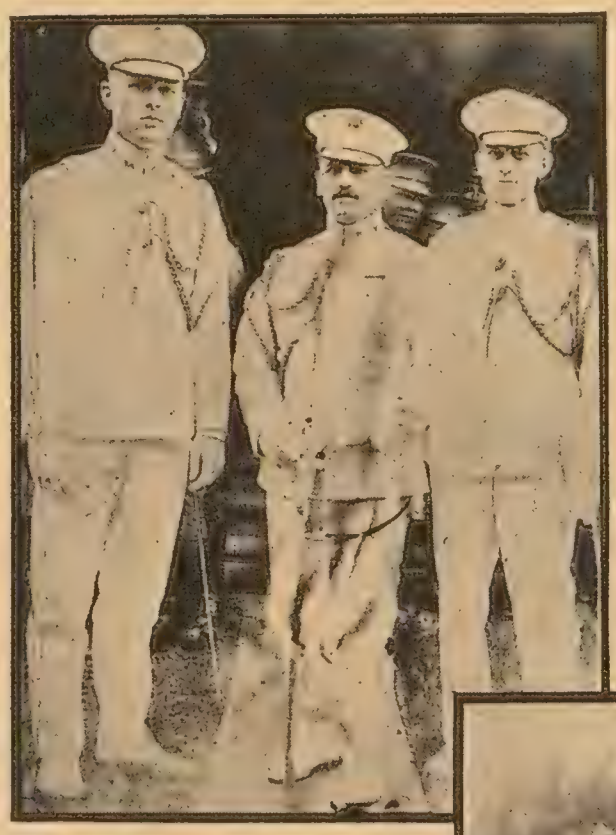
"What's your name?" he was asked. "No, not 'Samuel Johnson,' your real name."

"Boris Ivanovitch Ignatieff," he answered.

"Oh, hell," the recruiting officer said. "I can't write that. I'll make it Samuel I. Johnson. That's your name from now on."

Years later the name was legalized by the Territory of Hawaii.

The Honolulu Guards became, in time, part of the regular army of the Republic of Hawaii; in time, part of the National Guard of the United States. And Sam became a distinguished citizen of Honolulu, a prosperous business man and a soldier of recognized ability.



Brigadier General Samuel I. Johnson just before he relinquished his command in the hope of getting to the front in France. At right: Private Samuel I. Johnson one week later.

He was a second lieutenant in the militia when his adopted country declared war on Spain. He hoped for the order that would send him to the Philippines, but it never came. It hurt to miss that war. But there would be other wars, he thought. That was some consolation.

When William H. Taft, governor of the Philippines, stopped at Honolulu, Sam was captain of Company F, which welcomed the visitor with an exhibition drill.

"I've seen many marching men in my day," the future President said to him, "but your company is the best trained and most presentable body of American soldiers I have ever seen. And," he added, with that famous smile broadening his face, "I've been to West Point more than once."

Sam was colonel of the regiment when Russia established a consulate in Honolulu. Friends tried to have him made consul; but he refused because in order to take over the consulate he would have to renew his oath of allegiance to the Czar. As consul he might have redeemed himself somewhat in the eyes of his family. The Czar might have welcomed him back to grace. But his American citizenship was too dear to him.

It was a humdrum life Sam lived—with no wars to attract him. But there were compensations. He renewed his friendship with Jack London, now a famous author, and met London's wife, Charmion. He learned to speak Japanese. And he acquired a nickname—"Two-Man Johnson."

Yet now and then the spectacular happened—and found him ready—as when, on November 8, 1912, the barkentine Klikitat went on the rocks during a violent squall, and Sam saved nine members of the crew.

He went over the edge of a steep cliff, a rope looped about his waist. He landed on a narrow wave-washed shelf and scrambled over the loose slimy rocks at its bottom, going as far out to sea as he could. Incidentally, a centipede bit him on the forearm as he lowered himself down the cliffside.

He made the crew understand he wanted them to throw a line. They threw it three times before he caught it. He staggered back through surf and rocks, bruising himself a number of times, climbed up to the rocky shelf, and made the line fast, with the help of a boy, to a huge rock. Eight men came ashore on this life line. The ninth, the cook, let go his hold halfway to safety. Johnson dived into the billows, found the drowning man, punched him into unconsciousness—for he was panicky—and carried him in.

For that bit of heroism he was recommended for the Carnegie Life Saving Medal—but as the rescue had been effected outside the continental limits of the United States the medal could not be awarded.

Shortly after this Sam deliberately ran his automobile into a bull—and broke two fenders and the bull's neck. The beast had been frightening people on the road and attacking automobiles.

About a year after the outbreak of the World War, the Waterhouse Trust Company sent Sam to Johore on a timber-hunting expedition. He cabled his friend Jan Van Leuw, then residing in Singapore, asking him to join the expedition. Van Leuw replied, assenting; and Sam sailed at once for Singapore by way of Nagasaki.

THE vessel was overcrowded leaving Japan, and Sam had to share his stateroom. He drew as bunkmate a blond heavy-set man with Nordic features, who introduced himself as John Hepsecker. He insisted he was Swiss, not German; but certain mannerisms, certain expressions, convinced Sam he was not what he claimed.

As he came down the companionway at Singapore, Hepsecker was at his elbow. He turned to bid the man farewell, when Hepsecker stumbled and fell against him.

"Zo zorry," he said. "Mein foot schlipped."

Johnson stepped into a launch. Hepsecker was about to follow when an English voice called out to him and a police launch eased its way up. Hepsecker was taken into the police boat, and Sam never saw him again.

He went to the Raffles Hotel in a ricksha, and found a note from his friend saying he'd been called away on urgent business but would return in a few days.

In his room, as he started to remove his coat, he found a compact waterproofed package in one of the pockets. An unsigned note was attached to it:

Dear Friend: Please keep this intact until called for. You will be rewarded. Don't open it. Your safety depends on this. I will explain later.

He thrust the paper into his pocket and threw the mysterious package into a bureau drawer. He intended

to leave it there until Van Leuw returned and advised him what to do with it. Shortly after he went to bed that night he wakened.

"Who's there?" he challenged.

Bare feet pattered rapidly across the floor. A shadowy figure went out through an open window. Sam reached for his automatic as he jumped out of bed. He ran to the window, stumbling over a chair. A wraithlike form dodged around a corner of the hotel. Sam fired.

Then he turned on the light, and found that his visitor had made a thorough search of all his effects. The package had been taken.

He wasn't surprised when, the next morning, two British policemen called and escorted him to headquarters. He was asked what he knew about Hepsecker. He told. A policeman recalled seeing Hepsecker lurch against Sam on the companionway. The note that had been attached to the package was read.

Then Sam was asked to identify a bloodstained object.

"That's the package," he said.

He noted it was still unopened.

"It seems you have told us the truth," said the officer in charge. "But you must remain in Singapore until Mr. Van Leuw arrives. An attempt to leave would be—let us say, ill-timed and ill-advised."

The Englishman smiled suddenly. "By the way," he said, "was that shot of yours skill or luck? It's crippled one of our best native detectives for months."

"It was luck," Sam answered—"hard luck, for him."

He wandered aimlessly around the city for two days before Van Leuw came back, two plain-clothes Sikh policemen following him wherever he went. Two more days were spent in getting ready for the expedition. On the day they left, Sam found a note that had been thrust under his door:

"You have betrayed one who had not harmed you. You did not heed the warning, and so you will pay the penalty."

SAM made light of it. He hadn't betrayed anybody. And he didn't believe there'd be any serious consequences—especially as he was going into the jungle, far away from British and German agents and intrigues.

He crossed to the mainland that day, and halted for the night at a rest house on the fringe of a small Malay village. He was preparing to shave the next morning when he heard the cry, "Amok! Amok!" The cry was repeated by dozens, by scores. Something unusual was happening.

Van Leuw came rushing out of his room, clad in his pajamas. He had a gun in his hand.

"Get your pistol," he said. "Quick!"

Van Leuw had a reputation as a practical joker, and Sam believed he was playing some kind of trick. He felt sheepish, wiping the lather off his face and taking up his automatic. He went with Van Leuw to the door, and saw a Malay running toward him, brandishing a bloodstained kris. Foam dripped from the fellow's lips. A great crowd was pursuing him, screaming, crying, "Amok!"—every one of them, it seemed, armed with a kris.

Sam realized there was no joke about this.

A frightened native boy blundered into the fugitive's path. The latter swerved toward him, and Sam saw he meant to kill. He and Van Leuw fired almost at the same instant. The maniac staggered, but before they could fire again his kris whistled and cut off the boy's head.

THE "amok" dodged around a corner of the house. The white men ran to intercept him. They found him surrounded by a ring of natives who brandished their weapons. The Malay stood at bay, his bloodshot eyes challenging each in turn. He darted toward the white men. They emptied their magazines into him. They saw their bullets hit; but he did not stop—not until their ammunition was spent. Then he suddenly collapsed, and the natives closed in on the prone figure and hacked at it with their blades.

One of them approached the white men, trembling and pale. "*Tuans*," he said, "the amok was not of my village. He came early this morning seeking the orang from over the sea. He planned to kill you, *tuan*, as you slept. He offered me money to help. But I refused. The English are my friends, I told him. They are sacred. So he slew Ali and became amok. Allah witnesses I speak truth."

Deeper and deeper the two friends went into the jungle. At one village they stayed all night in a tree, waiting for a man-eating tiger. Two tigers came. One they killed, one they wounded. The latter crawled away. But later it sprang from the bushes at Van Leuw. Johnson killed it with a bullet in the brain while it was still in the air. Dead, it crashed into Van Leuw and knocked him down. The Dutchman was not hurt, save for the loss of his wind and a few minor bruises.

At another village a native magician entertained them.

Here Sam picked up a few words of the native language. There he discovered a good stand of timber.

Everywhere, after they had put an end to the man-eaters, the white men were honored guests. Danger seemed far behind. There was nothing ahead more perilous than the bite of an insect or the discomfiture of a leech.

Yet one morning the head porter's eyes dilated with terror as he entered the room where the white hunters stayed. He drew his kris from his sarong and slashed. Johnson threw himself out of the way as the blow fell, and instinctively reached for his gun—only to realize the blow had not been aimed at him.

A small decapitated snake, bluish green and no longer than a lead pencil, lay on the floor.

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"Why all the excitement about that worm?" Sam asked.

Van Leuw's face had turned a pasty white.

"That's the *ular tudong,*" he explained—"one of the deadliest snakes in existence."

"*Tuan,*" the porter said, "as I entered I saw a white orang's hand, holding a bottle, reach through the window. The *ular tudong* fell from the bottle."

"The Hepseckers again," Sam said. "Jan, I've got to do something about this. What do you suggest?"

After some discussion it was decided to give Sam a sort of understudy. A native carrier of his build was to wear his spare clothes and ride along the trail in a litter. His face would be bandaged, and inquirers would be told Sam's features had been clawed by a tiger. Meantime Sam and three natives would travel ahead of the main party, Sam in disguise, and reconnoiter.

"All we have to do," Sam said, "is find a white man with some Malay followers. He will probably be armed. And he will probably be a German. When I find him I'll know how to deal with him."

It took three days before the plan succeeded. Coming out of the brush toward a small village, Sam saw a white man in conference with the headman of the community. He led his men cautiously, intending to slip up unseen; but the dogs of the village began to clamor, and concealment was no longer possible. Sam therefore ran around the hut and faced his quarry.

The man's right hand went swiftly toward a holster. Sam shattered it. "I could have put that bullet through your heart," he said; "but maybe it will be better to turn you over to the British."

"All right. But others will avenge my brother."

"Your brother?"

"My brother—John Hepsecker."

Just as Van Leuw came up with the main body of the expedition and learned the news, a messenger came with a cable to Johnson advising him he had been appointed adjutant general of the Hawaiian National Guard and that Governor Pinkham wanted him to return at once.

"What are you going to do?" Jan asked.

"I'm going home," Sam said. "What else is there to do?"

Jan rose, saluted, and clicked his heels.

"My heartiest congratulations, colonel," he said. "I knew your answer before you gave it."

Shortly after his return to Honolulu, Sam was commissioned a brigadier general by Governor Pinkham. Later President Wilson gave him a federal commission.

WAR was in the air, and Sam immediately began a vigorous recruiting campaign. He ordered frequent drills, parades, and inspections. He organized a football squad, and played on it. The local newspapers made capital of that. No other general in history, they said, had played football with—and against—his own soldiers. The major general commanding the regular army troops was scandalized.

"This is most unusual," he said. "A brigadier in moleskins! This will not do. This lowers respect for your rank."

"I beg your pardon," Johnson answered, "but my men will follow me to hell! Can you say the same?"

Prince Fushima, granduncle of the present mikado, visited the island, and the governor asked Sam to welcome him. Sam greeted the prince in English and Japanese—to the royal visitor's profound surprise.

"It is a pleasure and an honor, sir," he said, "to be greeted by an American general in my native tongue. I must send you a little token of my appreciation."

The little token was a pair of blue-upon-silver cloisonné vases. Sam would have swapped them both for an order to proceed to France, for the United States had declared war on Germany. He would have swapped anything he had for such an order. But there was nothing he had that would make the War Department listen to him.

"All my life," he complained, "I've been fitting myself for this crisis. And it doesn't mean anything. I've got to get into it somehow. But how?"

A twenty-five-mile swimming marathon was being arranged at the time. General Johnson thought he might work off some steam by entering the contest. He entered it and won it, swimming the distance in fifteen hours—a record never equaled in the territory.

He won the marathon, but he was still full of steam; and the prospect of going to France was as dubious as ever.

"To hell with my stars!" he thought. "If I can't go as a general, I'll go as a private. I'll even stow away on a transport if I have to!"

When he was convinced that he and his troops were out of the war, he relinquished his commission. A week later he was doing "squads right" and digging trenches at Schofield Barracks. When the course at the officers' training camp was completed Sam found himself a major, with orders to report for duty at Camp Fremont, California, as adjutant of the Fifteenth Brigade.

But all he could find out about the war was what he read in the newspapers. He began to regret his hasty action. It began to sink into his consciousness that he was as far from France as ever. The newspapers hinted that the Germans were weakening. The end of the war was in sight. The situation was hopeless.

BUT overnight there was a change. Major General William S. Graves, in command of Camp Fremont, received a telegram ordering him to meet Secretary of War Newton D. Baker at Kansas City, Missouri, on August 1, 1918. He arrived in time to find Baker leaving on an east-bound train. "Here you are, general," the secretary said, handing him an unsigned typewritten memorandum. "Good-by and good luck."

The paper, written or dictated by President Wilson, later became known as the "Aide Mémoire."

General Graves wondered what it was all about as he stood watching the departing train. He admits he still doesn't know.

It appears that some of the European diplomats had predicted horrible disasters would occur to the Allied arms if the 300,000 German and Austrian prisoners interned in Siberia should suddenly seize the vast supply of munitions in the vicinity of Vladivostok. Siberia was in revolt and the prisoners had been freed. It appears that the diplomats also wanted help for the Czechs, who ostensibly were trying to reach the western front, to which they had been promised transportation by France, via Vladivostok.

The German and Austrian prisoners of war were only too glad to be out of the fracas. They had no intention of seizing the stores at Vladivostok. And the Czechs were having a good time fighting a private war with the Reds. They didn't care particularly whether they reached the German frontier or not.

Nevertheless, General Graves had orders to proceed to Siberia at once. And so Major Sam Johnson felt some balm on his chafing soul.

The Twenty-seventh and Thirty-first Infantry regiments were dispatched from Manila. The rest of the force, numbering three thousand men, with Major Johnson in command, were sent from Camp Fremont.

"It isn't France," Johnson told himself, "but I don't mind so much now. I know Russia. I know Siberia. And there'll be action there, and plenty of it."

He hummed the old song he had learned in boyhood:

> "Formerly we Cossack fellows
> Sailed at home upon the sea;
> Our long boats upon the waters
> Took a toll from Khiv and Persia."

Boris Ivanovitch Ignatieff was going home at the head of three thousand men. Boris Ivanovitch Ignatieff, born to be a colonel of Cossacks and an ornament to the court of His Imperial Majesty the Czar of All the Russias, was coming home a stranger, almost an invader.

And he was itching for trouble.

With next week's installment, this great saga of the lion-hearted, two-fisted, straight-shooting Sam Johnson, born Ignatieff, reaches its climax—his adventures in Siberia as head of that international military police force which battled fiendish bandits and bloodthirsty Bolsheviks, not only before the armistice but after it.

Human Rays THAT KILL or CURE

DRAWING BY J. HENRY

A Fantasy of Facts, and a Forecast of Things to Come—Does the Scientific Basis of the "Evil Eye" Point to a Future of Swift and Invisible Death?

by DONALD FURTHMAN WICKETTS

READING TIME • 9 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

ISABEL MORGAN sat at her escritoire. She was beautiful—a beauty heightened by artificiality, which could not hide a gnawing unhappiness. In the past she had numbered among her infatuated admirers bluebloods and bankers, millionaires and princes. Yet of late they had grown fewer. Being cold at heart herself, she left men cold now that her beauty began to fade.

She had just passed her thirty-ninth birthday. Telegrams, cables, and flowers had come, all with little intimate felicitations. But she had been left alone. No callers, no messages. A novelty for one who had never lacked male attention.

She understood. Completely self-possessed, she had foreseen this emergency. She rose, and from a concealed safe she took a jewel case. It contained what she thought of as her old-age insurance. Ten years before, a millionaire French count had taken her to Paris's most famous jeweler and presented her with the most perfectly matched pearl necklace on the Continent. She had treasured it. Often when alone she had complacently worn the pearls for hours.

She now took the necklace to Fifth Avenue's most celebrated jeweler. "What will you give me for this?"

The jeweler examined it—and looked mystified.

"Madam," he said, "I know these pearls. But something has happened to them. They are quite dull! The most I can offer you is ten thousand dollars."

Isabel indignantly refused it. She hurried to the New York representative of the French firm which had originally sold the necklace. M. Levey's eyes brightened as he recognized it. Then—

"*Mon Dieu!*" he cried. "They have aged like a human being! I have never seen pearls change like this!"

With a heavy heart Isabel accepted twelve thousand.

That evening M. Levey told the story to his daughter Peggy and her fiancé, Robert Strong, a young doctor engrossed in science. "Uncanny!" he concluded. "But I think I can sell them at a small profit on their reputation."

Robert examined the pearls closely. "I think you will be able to sell them at their former high price!"

"But how, my boy?" the dealer gasped.

"You know of the old folk legends about the evil eye? Well, it has been discovered that the human body does give off rays which may, under certain conditions, destroy vegetation. They may even affect human beings."

"Nonsense! Superstition! Where is the proof?"

"Many an old superstition about magical effects has some scientific basis. Professor Alexander Gurwitsch in Russia is the discoverer of the mysterious rays given off by plants, animals, and human beings. He discovered that living matter gives off rays that stimulate active growth in other tissues.

"He planted two onion seeds side by side. After the seedlings came up, both normally, he uprooted one and left it lying next the other. It soon became apparent that its presence influenced the other's growth. The side toward which it pointed grew more flourishingly. Something invisible and powerful emanated from the uprooted plant—rays. They were stronger than the ultra-violet rays, for they passed through glass and quartz.

"The human body emits similar rays. A woman in Trieste, Italy, gives forth a bluish ray from her breasts when she sleeps. She has been brought to Rome at the instance of Guglielmo Marconi for investigation. Unfortunately, in most cases where human rays are markedly effective they are destructive. It may well be that Miss Morgan was giving off these radiations. All this seems to parallel scientifically, in some respects, the old superstitions of the human eye and other destructive human influences. At any rate, the pearls bore the brunt of the invisible attack from Miss Morgan's body."

"And why did the effect reveal itself only now?"

"It may be that some excitement, some grief, some ailment, has greatly increased the potency of her radiations at her present time of life."

"Have American scientists worked in this field?"

"Certainly. Professor Otto Rahn, an eminent bacteriologist now at Cornell University, has found that the blood gives off specific rays, and that the blood of women at certain periods emits radiations strong enough to kill or damage micro-organisms. It may be that such radiations from the human body are alternately destructive and healing.

"For that matter, it may be that if Miss Morgan had kept the pearls, a change in her blood would have restored them to their original dazzling brilliance."

"Oh, that's uncanny!" exclaimed Peggy with a shiver.

Bob took her hand. "I want you to wear them," he said earnestly. "You are young, happy, healthy. Radiation from your blood may turn the trick."

The girl protested, but when her father urged her also she put the necklace around her lovely throat. "I'll give them to you for a wedding present," he said, smiling.

She wore them day and night. After two or three days she noticed a slight change in the pearls. Ten days, and there was no doubt about it. At the end of a month her father examined them.

"A miracle!" he cried. "That necklace is now worth as much as ever! But I'll keep my promise. It's yours!"

On her wedding day the bride wore a superb string of perfectly matched pure white blinding pearls.

THE young couple boarded a giant steamship for a honeymoon cruise in the Mediterranean. Peggy wore her pearls to dinner and to dances. They caused a sensation among the passengers. One evening she and Bob, with Jack Forster and his pretty wife, were drinking champagne in the taproom.

"Bunny here," said Jack, "insists that I buy her pearls like yours, Peggy. She's fascinated by them."

"You'll be more fascinated by the story behind them. Tell it, Peggy," Bob urged—and Peggy did so.

"But why," Bunny asked, "do some of those rays destroy while others heal?"

"No one has yet explained that," Bob answered. "Rays coming out of plants are beneficial, stimulating—rays from the human body, except from an extraordinary creature like Peggy, are mostly pernicious. Invisible rays from eyes, nose, fingertips actually kill the tiny organisms which compose yeast.

"Women, it seems, are more radiant than men. The rays they emit are more potent. Ordinary yeast was killed in five minutes by those from a woman's fingertips. It imposes no strain upon the imagination to conceive of conditions in which the glance or touch that kills micro-organisms may injure or kill a human being."

"Where are these rays supposed to come from?"

"Plants drink in the ultra-violet rays from the sun. Animals and humans, feeding upon the plants, absorb the rays. Such is the theory of Dr. W. W. Lepeschkin of the University of Southern California. The ultraviolet light may be stored up in human or animal bodies in somewhat the same way electricity is in a storage battery. It is released when living matter dies or is in a process of decomposition. Release should be marked in certain illnesses such as cancer—and Dr. Lepeschkin and other investigators have found that this is indeed the case. It is already utilized in diagnosing cancer.

"Modern science is inclined to regard all life as some form of radiation. Dr. G. W. Crile, the celebrated Cleveland surgeon, attributes all life to a ray emanating from the soil. This bio-electric ray is responsible, in his opinion, for the higher functioning of the mind and the emotions.

"BUT science is now experimenting with rays a million times stronger than a whole battery of evil eyes! Dr. C. R. Chadfield has installed in London's post offices a new apparatus which projects an invisible ray into the air inside the building. Every fly in the ray's path dies immediately. A mouse in a glass beaker is killed in a few seconds. Chadfield is now turning his attention to wasps, which require a more intense ray. It is but a step from the wasp to—man!"

"What are American scientists doing in that line?"

"One of them has experimented with electromagnetic energy. This led to the creation of a 'mouse condenser' for killing mice as quickly as possible. Electromagnetic waves produced by the General Electric Company in its laboratory at Schenectady kill mice in the average time of 9.37 minutes. These waves raised the temperature of near-by workmen to a dangerous point, so they were warned to keep farther away. All instruments for measuring were disarranged. Organic substances placed on antenna wires near by were cooked. Copper bars lying on the floor burned hands that sought to lift them."

"It's all right to destroy flies and mice," Peggy said, "but what if the militarists—what if the world's armies and navies start to play with these discoveries?"

"Exactly," said Bob. "In the next great war howitzers, battleships, and machine guns will be looked upon as primitive weapons. Men in the trenches will be slain like the mice in the condenser. Civilian populations will perish like the flies in the London post office. Swift and invisible, death will strike through rays.

"Already it is possible, at least theoretically, to render a whole nation sterile by the use of an unseen beam cast from airplanes. This subject has inspired an imaginative novel. Scientists do not smile at the possibility, I assure you."

"Why do scientists always invent things to destroy?" Peggy ejaculated with a shudder.

"You forget, darling," Bob said, "that even destructive rays may also protect. Nations may prevent invasions by installing deadly 'searchlights' along their borders. It will be much like the beam of light which opens a door in the Pennsylvania Station, New York City, when any one steps within range of it. Troops coming within range of the death beams on the borders will be instantly killed to the last man.

"But one thing can be said for the rays. They will probably be humane. No maimed and battered bodies to be sent home, still living, to grief-stricken wives, sweethearts, parents—"

"But, my God, all mankind will be at the mercy of rays like that!" Jack interjected.

"Fortunately," Bob said, "the human mind cannot devise agencies of destruction against which other human minds cannot devise safeguards. Otherwise the world would soon come to an end. Sufficiently hard driven, man works wonders. He finds new forces within and without him.

"While seeking new lethal weapons, or new defenses against those already discovered, he may unleash unheard-of forces! He may even—who knows?--blunder upon the secret of life itself!"

THE END

$5,000 CASH PRIZE

GAME OF FAMOUS AMERICANS

YOUR CHANCE IS EXCELLENT— YOU CAN ENTER FROM THIS PAGE!

HERE are three more composites to challenge your skill. Can you recognize the features of a famous American in one of them at a glance? That will give you a start. Putting one portrait together on this basis leaves only two to solve. Surely you can work those out with a little patience. It does not matter if you have not played the game before. Your chance to win is excellent if you start direct from this page. The first thing to do is to solve the composites before you. Then put them aside pending the completion of your entry. If you are starting this week and have mislaid the earlier issues containing this contest, mail a request for free reprints of the first three sets to the contest address in Rule 5. When you receive this material you can bring your set up to date. Then solve future composites as they appear in Liberty each week until the contest ends.

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FOURTH PRIZE	50
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100 PRIZES, Each $10	1,000
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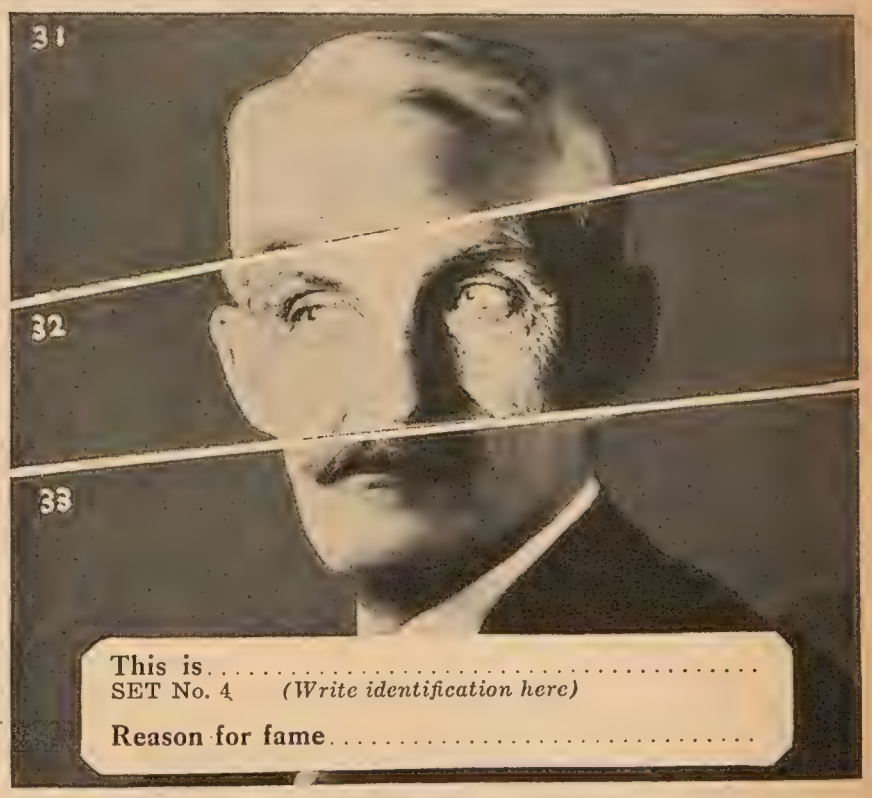
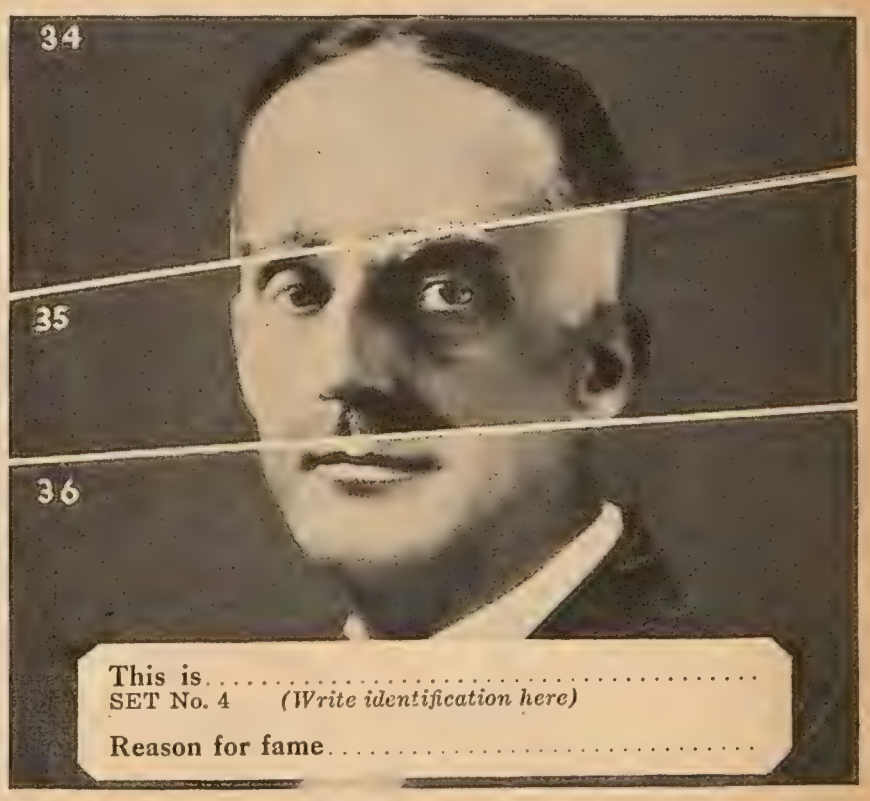
THE RULES

1. Each week for ten weeks Liberty will publish three composite pictures of Famous Americans.
2. Each set of composites when cut apart and correctly reassembled will make complete portraits of three persons.
3. For the nearest correctly identified and neatest complete sets of portraits Liberty will award $5,000 in cash prizes according to the prize schedule on this page. In case of ties, duplicate awards will be paid. Accuracy will count. Neatness will count. Elaborateness is unnecessary. Simplicity is best. No entries will be returned nor can we enter into correspondence with any contestant.
4. To compete, simply cut apart, or trace accurately, and reassemble the composites correctly. Then, in the space provided under each, write the name and the event or work for which the person is famous.
5. Do not send in incomplete sets. When you have all thirty composites solved and identified, send them by first-class mail to GAME OF FAMOUS AMERICANS, Liberty Magazine, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. Entries with insufficient postage will be returned by the Post Office Department. Make sure your name and address are plainly marked.
6. No contestant shall be entitled to more than one award. Every one may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.
7. All entries must be received on or before Wednesday, July 24, 1935, the closing date of this contest. The judges will be the Contest Board of Liberty, and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final.





ANOTHER SET OF COMPOSITES NEXT WEEK!

A SHORT SHORT STORY

First IMPRESSION

by FRANK LEON SMITH

READING TIME
4 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

HARRY and Agnes Bentley are good friends of mine. I work with Harry, and when he decided to quit here and throw in with an uncle of hers, I was sorry to see him go. He'd never met this uncle, who was a big shot out in what we Broadway rubes call vaguely "the West," but they'd swapped letters, and Agnes was sure it was Harry's chance of a lifetime.

I went to Grand Central with them and saw them off on a Chicago express. A week later, when we'd had plenty of time to miss him, for he's a shark with figures, he walked in sheepishly and asked the boss if he could hang up his hat. He's been with us ever since.

That was a year ago, and it wasn't until the other day that Harry referred to that quick round trip. I said, "We sure are glad you came back, Harry, but we all thought you were sewed up for life with—what was the name of that outfit?"

"Hoosier Tool & Tackle Company. Agnes's uncle is the v.p., general manager, and biggest stockholder—but—er—we just didn't hit it off together." He grinned. "I admit I did get off to a bad start, but he didn't have to keep on making sarcastic wisecracks and introducing me to everybody as his absent-minded nephew. I stood it for three days, then I flared up and told him where to go."

Harry chuckled. He said, "There's a yarn connected with it. Sort of shows you the importance of the first impression—for bear in mind I never saw the old boy until— Well, I'll begin on the train, going out."

Our car—said Harry—was about in the middle of the train. I told Agnes I was going up to the club smoker just for one cigar; but it so happened I got talking with some of the lads and it went into time.

Now I'm no more absent-minded than the next fellow, but I will admit I often act on impulse. Well, the first I knew, the train was slowing down and pulling into a station. Then I realized how long I'd been gone, and it struck me it would be a good idea to bring Agnes some kind of a peace offering. Furthermore, she was always saying I never thought to give her candy after we were married.

So I hopped up and put my cap on—I always wear a cap on train trips. I was in the vestibule when the train stopped, and to make absolutely sure, I asked the brakeman how long a stop we had. He said, five minutes. That would give me just time to lope into the station newsstand and buy a nice box of chocolates and get back aboard.

I shot into the station, bought a big box that came to two sixty, and gave the girl the only money I had on me, a five-dollar bill. She was fresh out of change and I had to wait. I heard the "'Board! All uh-board!" call as she came back, and shoved the change in my pocket and sprinted to the platform.

The train was pulling out. I ran for the steps of the car White Cloud, where Agnes and I had our section. The train was picking up speed real fast, and just as I made up to grab for the handles at any old steps, I saw the darned thing was going so fast I'd have burned my hands, granting I could have grabbed on.

The rear car zipped past me, but I kept on running, hoping somebody aboard would see me and signal the conductor so they'd slow down.

But no. I was pretty well pooched, for I'm too stout for a long sprint, but I ran on—beyond the platform and into a frightful mess of rails and switches. That darned car at the rear end kept shrinking up to nothing, and all of a sudden I caught my toe against a tie and hurled my cap under a slow-moving freight, and the candy box against a railroad shanty, and went sprawling, tearing the knees of my trousers, cutting my hands, and grinding cinders into myself.

I picked myself up, rescued the box of candy, and went back to the station.

The depot master was a nice chap. He arranged first to wire ahead to Agnes, which I hated to do, for her uncle was to meet the train. And then the depot master said, "You'll have to wait an hour and forty minutes for the next train," so that had to be all right.

He got out a pad of printed forms, and he said, "Name, please," and he wrote that down. Then he asked, "What was your destination?"

"Elkhart," I told him.

THEN I saw he was staring beyond me—and there was Agnes, with my hat in one hand, my overcoat over her arm, and a porter with her luggage—and a big guy with a gray mustache was with them. She jammed my hat on my head, and she said, "You looked such an utterly silly ass chasing that train that I'm sorry you didn't catch it."

Of course I was relieved to see her, but I didn't like her words or tone, or the sarcastic superior look on the guy with the gray mustache, who turned out to be her uncle. I said, "Just why, if I may ask?"

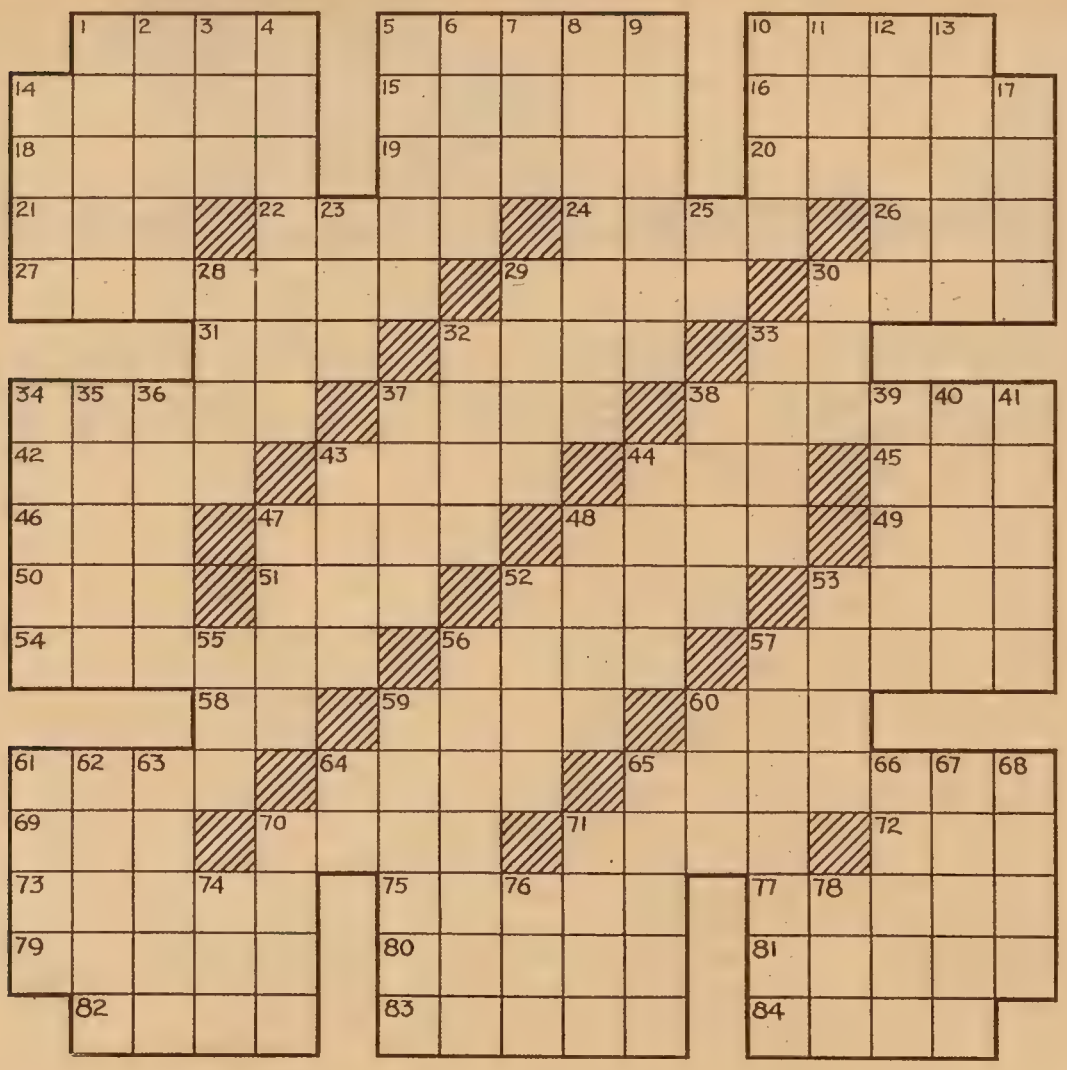
She looked at me and she laughed, and said, "Oh, you didn't happen to notice the name of this station, I suppose?"

I hadn't, to tell the truth. I looked out the window at the station sign. It said "Elkhart."

"So that is the whole sad story," Harry Bentley wound up, "but I guess everything happens for the best. I couldn't have liked her uncle, anyway."

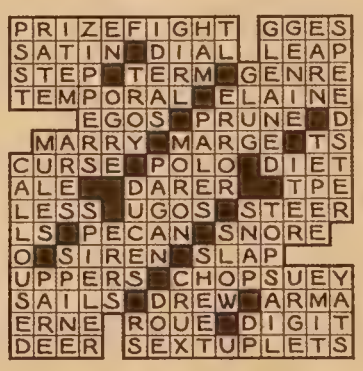
THE END

CROSS WORDS



HORIZONTAL

1 One of various vehicles
5 Spots
10 Ill-bred fellows
14 A part
15 To prepare for use again
16 One of the signs of the zodiac
18 Cherishes
19 Bury
20 English coins
21 A beverage
22 Transmit
24 Hoarfrost
26 Greek letter
27 Proceeding on one's way
29 Have being
30 Formerly
31 A conjunction
32 Accomplished
33 Partake of reality
34 Musical drama
37 A fish
38 Titular character in a Bizet opera
42 Ornamental jar
43 Propeller blade
44 Regard studiously
45 Ill temper
46 Appropriate
47 To destroy
48 Courageous
49 Statute
50 A mound
51 Utilize
52 Set down
53 To pair, as animals, for breeding
54 Wandering
56 Float aloft
57 Meaning
58 Pronoun
59 Pellet of lead
60 Japanese coin



Answer to last week's puzzle

61 Tepid
64 An exclamation
65 A command
69 Duration of existence
70 News paragraph
71 To shape
72 A constellation
73 A float (pl.)
75 Receded
77 Woman's name
79 Vapor
80 A platter
81 A paper measure (pl.)
82 Commits error
83 Becomes withered
84 Declares

VERTICAL

1 A wooden pin
2 A bird
3 Part of to be
4 A city in Italy
5 Fetch
6 To allow the use of
7 Many times (poetical)
8 Arranging in layers
9 Endeavor earnestly
10 Article of clothing
11 A metric measure of area
12 Partaker of a meal
13 Denominations
14 A salad
17 Resting place
23 Terminus
25 Pronoun
28 Defy
29 Single
30 Ever
32 Eat
33 Join together
34 Elliptical
35 A document
36 Compound ether
37 Act lazily
38 Chilliness
39 A city in Italy
40 One of the Muses
41 Fresher
43 Extensive
44 A spiral
47 A dwarf
48 A lure
52 People of a branch of the Tai race
53 Repair
55 Point
56 Walk awkwardly
57 Offers
59 Naps
60 Salt
61 Armed conflicts
62 A size of type
63 Allude
64 By
65 Fashions
66 Alleviate
67 Abounds
68 Eternities
70 Theories
71 Apportion
74 A viscous liquid
76 Heavy metal rod
78 Meadow

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

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WIKIES

THE STUBBORN GIRL

The Merriest, Maddest Novel of the Year . . . Now the Plot Happily Thickens and Love's Young Dream Finds Life More and More Mixed Up

by ERIC HATCH

ILLUSTRATION BY FRANK SWAIN

READING TIME ● 29 MINUTES 9 SECONDS

DISCOVERED as the "forgotten man," an item necessary to the winning of a scavenger hunt staged by the society crowd in New York, a man named Godfrey is rooted out from the tramps' jungle city by the Amazonian Irene Bullock. After getting the prize, Irene proposes to her mother, Angelica, that they take on Godfrey as their butler—a suggestion seconded by her sister Cornelia, who really detests this Godfrey because he wouldn't be her "forgotten man."

Godfrey finds himself in a loony ménage in the Bullock home. Irene almost pitches herself at his head, Cornelia tongue-lashes him, and the maid Molly expects him to make love to her. Incidentally, there is a two-part scandal brewing for Mr. Bullock, father and banker, and Angelica, his wife: his bank is threatened with disaster, and she is playing round with a foreign gigolo, Carlo.

One day Mrs. Bullock's priceless pearl necklace is missing. Of course the butler, who has been literally taken out of the gutter, is blamed, and detectives and the insurance men grill him. He confesses to a prison record.

Privately, Godfrey tells Mr. Bullock that he is more than certain that the master himself has secreted the jewels, probably because his bank is on the bust. Bullock admits it, and Godfrey suggests that a reward be widely advertised, and that he, the butler, under the name of "Henry Judkins," find the pearls and be given the award publicly—of course the money given him will be merely a grand gesture.

Mr. Bullock likes the idea, for his making a reward of $10,000 will have an excellent effect on his credit and help his tottering bank, maybe. With newspaper reporters and photographers present, the hocus-pocus ceremony takes place. But it doesn't save the bank. Nor does Godfrey live up to the agreement; he pockets the check. And asks for time off!

"Be careful you don't lose that check!" says Mrs. Bullock.

Godfrey laughs.

Irene, thinking he is bolting, offers to go with him. He rejects her offer and, slamming the door, rushes downtown on a mysterious errand.

PART FOUR—THE FALL OF THE HOUSE OF BULLOCK

WHEN Godfrey left the Cow Shed, slamming the front door behind him, reaction set in in the Bullock household.

Cornelia and her mother had a row.

Irene and her mother had a row.

Then, just before Cornelia took herself off to her luncheon date, all three of them had something in the nature of a battle royal.

Cornelia and her mother rowed because Cornelia told her mother she was a sap to let Godfrey walk out of the house just like that.

Irene and her mother rowed because Mrs. Bullock, going to her elder daughter's boudoir for comfort, took, in the perverse way that even babes of the old school have, Cornelia's point of view and said she was a sap to have let Godfrey walk out of the house just like that. Irene completely spiked her guns.

She said, "Why?"

"Why?" said Angelica Bullock. "You ask me *why?* Why, because he's got ten thou—oh, dear, I can't even bear to mention the amount—in his pocket, and we'll never see him again, and he was *such* a beautiful butler."

"I would say," said Irene, looking over her shoulder from her face fixing, "that you were a sap to think you won't see him again. Cornelia probably agrees with you, but the boy'll be back for dinner. Matter of fact"—here she talked crookedly because she was lipsticking—"I rather thought he'd bolt the course. Suggested I'd go with him if he wanted me to." She stopped lipsticking and turned to face her mother, hands outstretched in a gesture of hopelessness. "*I* don't see why he *wants* to stay here. *I* think this joint and the life we lead in it's perfectly gawdawful."

"Oh, my child! You *didn't* say you'd run away with him?"

"I certainly did. Why the hell not?" Irene, who seemed to be having an unusually lucid day, repeated herself: "Why the hell not? What have I got here that I want? I've got a couple of friends, yeah. The cop on the corner of Eighty-sixth Street—the guy who looks after the sea lions at the zoo—the cabby who parks his hansom in front of the door every now and then because he knows I like to ride in it. You—you and Cornelia—have been apologizing for my being dumb and—and Amazonian for so long now, and trying to explain why I didn't get married years ago when I came out, that you've wrecked any fun I might have had." Here Irene returned to the lipsticking. "Frankly, mother," she said, "I think you're something of a louse."

That trace of a look in Godfrey's eyes that she had noticed had given Irene a confidence she hadn't felt since her coming-out party when

The three of them walked down the pier. They reached the end and Godfrey set down the bag.

practically all the boys there had danced with her—because they had to.

"And just why do you think I'm a louse?" Angelica Bullock was settling herself for battle.

"Because you go round apologizing about me, and because you've milked pa dry, and because of Carlo."

"I'll thank you to leave his name out of this!" said Angelica Bullock.

"Do you know what you are?" said Irene. "You're the kind of woman we read jokes about in the New Yorker. You probably live as false a life as any woman who can get a table any place without reserving it. And you've got the crust to call this poor half-starved guy who's waited on you hand and foot a crook."

Irene was steamed up. "Has it ever occurred to you how he must laugh at you?"

"Laugh at me?"

"Certainly!" said Irene. "Putting on grand airs some of the time, and then mugging around with Carlo when you think nobody's home, and gushing over *him* because you know as well as I do that he's not a regular butler."

Angelica Bullock clutched at the straw.

"You're damn right he's not a regular butler!" she said. "If you ask me, he's part of an international gang of crooks, that's what he is, and I was a fool to let him in my house, that's what I was!"

"Nuts," said Irene. "Molly told you that, and she's jealous."

Angelica Bullock hadn't expected this.

"Molly?" she said. "Jealous?"

"Jealous of me," said Irene calmly.

Angelica Bullock had never dreamed her family knew she mugged Carlo. She'd never dreamed Irene knew she'd apologized for her and made curious explanations about why she hadn't snaffled a duke long ago. She'd never realized just how badly she had milked pop Bullock; and yet she knew things were none too rosy at the old banking establishment. But still, to Angelica Bullock, Irene was a child to be put in its place.

"We've had quite enough of this nonsense," she said; "be quiet!"

With that she took herself off to her own boudoir to put on the war paint.

The battle royal began when Cornelia stopped in her mother's room to say good-by and Irene at the same moment went there to modify the phraseology she had used about her mother. Angelica Bullock, instead of receiving her girl children in the spirit in which they came, snubbed Irene and she snubbed Cornelia, entirely forgetting that in her talk with Irene she'd been backing Cornelia's views.

Each of them eventually left that boudoir with bitterness in their hearts, and Cornelia left with an incipient shiner.

OLD Bullock, returning around four thirty to get his check back from Godfrey—returning on the crest of the wave, for he had strategically corrected, he felt, one of the most blatant mistakes he'd ever made—stepped from the limousine and skipped up the steps like a boy, merrily. Molly answered the door.

"Where's Godfrey?"

"He's out, sir," said Molly. "He went out before lunch. He told me he'd be back in time for dinner."

"You're crazy," said Bullock. "Bring me a brandy-and-soda in my study."

He flung off his coat and hat, dropped them to the floor, and flung himself up the stairs.

Molly picked up the coat and hat or, rather, snatched them up, and then seemed to be struck with an idea.

"That guy's gone off with ten grand!" she said aloud. She snapped her fingers.

"Why didn't I go with him?" She snapped her fingers again. "Cheest! If I'd only thought to!"

Molly had not been taken into the family confidence on the matter of the reward being phony. To her there seemed no reason why Godfrey shouldn't blow if he happened to feel like it.

"He wouldn't've had to marry me or nothin'. I could've made sort of a nest for him." Her eyes grew wide with lost visions.

Sadly she hung the coat and hat in the proper closet and slowly and thoughtfully went on up the stairs to the pantry.

INEXPERTLY she mixed a brandy-and-soda, but she erred on the right side, and carried it in to Bullock. She found him slumped in his big leather chair. He snatched at the glass savagely and had his first big gulp down before she had reached the door on her way from the room. Then he looked up.

"If that mutt shows up around here, send him to me!"

Molly spun about on a neat high heel and said, "He's not a mutt, sir; he's a fine gentleman."

"In a pig's ear!" said Bullock.

Molly grew haughty. "You mean," she said, "if I'm not mistaken in my knowledge of quotations, 'a sow's purse'!"

With that she flipped her skirts and was about to start through the doorway again; but Bullock stopped her. He was upset anyway and really hadn't been thinking of anything in particular except ten thousand dollars when Molly had answered him back. But the way she'd corrected him with her correction sounding so right threw him off. It was like seeing a red traffic light over a green traffic sign that says "Go."

"Molly! What did you say?"

"I said," said Molly, "that you can't make a sow's purse out of a pig's ear and you've no *right* to talk that way about Godfrey! Why shouldn't he blow if he wants to?"

Bullock was baffled. He was baffled, for one thing, by the conversation; for another, by the fact that this Molly person, standing indignantly before him with her cheeks flushed and her skirts swishing about her knees, looked remarkably attractive and seemed to have such very positive ideas about things, whereas until this moment he'd scarcely been aware of her presence in the house.

He said, "Sit down for a moment, Molly; I'd like to talk to you."

Molly, a little frightened now, lowered herself gingerly to the arm of a chair within jumping distance of the door.

"In the first place," Bullock said, "you're wrong about that quotation. I don't know too much about arts and letters and those things, but it don't sound right to me. Let's get that cleared up first. 'You can't make a sow's purse out of a pig's ear.'"

"Well," said Molly, "*can* you?"

Bullock thought. That first large gulp of the brandy was helping him think. He took another, a better gulp, and then all the conservative banker in him came forth.

"It depends on the sow," he said.

"It might," said Molly.

"I'm absolutely sure of it," said Bullock.

"Of what?"

Alexander Bullock had this day had nothing to eat since Godfrey early that morning had shooed him eggless to his office. The brandy was hitting hard. In fact, in his mind he felt slightly embarrassed. He was beginning to know the swaying sensation. He felt he must get over it before any of his family or that swine of a butler showed up.

"Molly," he said—"Molly, you're a very pretty cracker! Will you please bring me some creatures?"

Molly dismounted the arm of the chair and stood even nearer to the doorway. She was more baffled than Bullock had been, but Godfrey's training told. In a reasonably

steady voice she said, " What sort of creatures, sir? "

" Oh, anything you happen to find in the icebox."

" My God! " said Molly. Having no idea what it meant, she added, " Sadist! " under her breath and left.

Alone, Alexander Bullock found that by thinking of the crackers he was going to eat in a few moments he could counteract the effects of the brandy-and-soda. He began trying to work out definitely which one of his family he could actually lay the blame on for bringing Godfrey into the household.

He was still trying when his crackers arrived and he looked up and very nearly had a stroke. Then he polished off the drink on the table by his elbow and got up out of his chair.

" Godfrey! I've done you a great injustice, my man! I thought—I actually thought you'd blown with that money! "

" Oh, no, sir," said Godfrey.

Bullock reached out hands that shook. It was indicative of the man's wretched condition that he reached out both hands instead of just one, whereas any one knows one hand is quite enough for grasping even a check for ten thousand dollars.

" Give it to me, Godfrey! Give it to me! I've the other one right here in my pocket! "

He pulled back one hand and from his pocket produced a check. It was for two hundred dollars. He handed it to Godfrey.

" There! " he said. " There! "

GODFREY, as usual at this time of day, was turned out in perfect full dress. He took the check, looked at it and said, " Thank you, sir," and put it in his pocket. Then he set the tray of crackers on the table by Bullock's chair and started to withdraw. Bullock said, " Hi! "

" Sir? "

" What about the check you've got for me? "

Godfrey drew himself up erect.

" A check—for *you*, sir? "

" The check I gave you this morning. Damn it, where is it? "

Godfrey bowed. He bowed lower than he had ever bowed before. Then he straightened.

" I put that, sir, where I honestly felt it would do the most good."

In two steps he was out of the room. . . .

The next day at breakfast, Bullock fixed Godfrey with a cold eye and said, " I think this joke of your being a butler's gone far enough."

Without batting an eye Godfrey said, " It's no more a joke, sir, my being a butler, than it is your being a banker."

Bullock in rage had risen to his feet.

" You're fired—understand? You're through! "

" If I'm through being a butler, sir, why then you're through being a banker."

With a series of stifled gurgles, Bullock gave in. He didn't see why,

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THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

with such a nice nest egg, Godfrey wanted to go on being a butler; but since he evidently did, he didn't see what he could do about it. The same held true of Angelica and Cornelia. Irene, on the other hand, saw no reason for Godfrey not to go on in his job. She was all for it, except she didn't like the jumpy way he'd gotten into of fidgeting and making mysterious telephone calls and frowning.

But Godfrey didn't stay the Bullocks' butler very long, because very shortly the Bullocks stopped being the sort of people who have butlers. They stopped suddenly at four o'clock of a bright afternoon at precisely the instant that the great bronze-studded doors of the South Central Bank began to wear what is vulgarly known as a plaster. Bullock would fiddle there no more.

He got out through the doors before they closed; but he wasn't able to take anything with him. He walked right past his car that was waiting outside the bank and rode home in the subway. When he reached there he went up the back way. He bumped into Godfrey brewing tea in the pantry. Godfrey took one look at him, and understood; for Bullock was walking like a man in the last stages of drink. His face was gray.

Godfrey took Bullock's arm and led him to a chair. He sat down beside Bullock.

"So it's happened?"

"So it's happened," said Bullock. His voice sounded like dry wind rustling dead leaves. "I guessed wrong—in the long run the bank would have made money on it—then things happened."

"How bad is it?" asked Godfrey softly.

"As bad as possible. We haven't—any of us—a red cent. Is the family home?"

"All of it, including Faithful George and Carlo."

Bullock rose.

"Come with me," he said. "You can handle them better than I can if any of them break down."

Godfrey, feeling desperately sorry for him, followed him. He knew what it felt like, this business of having your world swept from under you. He wondered if Bullock were looking lovingly at the expensiveness that surrounded him and now wouldn't surround him any more. *He* had, that night in Boston when he was waiting for the police. The very niceness of his things had made him hate so the idea of giving them up.

THE herd, as Godfrey thought of the Bullock family and Faithful George and Carlo, were, as usual at teatime, sitting around the living room drinking cocktails. When they saw Bullock's face they set their glasses down simultaneously and sat bolt upright; except Irene, who took a big swallow of hers first. Then they waited. Presently Bullock, with more dignity than he had ever shown before, spoke.

"The South Central Bank has failed," he said. "It was my fault. I speculated with the bank's funds. They know it. They've taken all the money we have in the world to apply to the loss. In an hour or so, when they find out where I am, they'll come and take me too."

Mrs. Bullock was the first to get it. She drew her breath in suddenly, with a little gasping noise. Then she grimaced the way people used to do when they'd just swallowed spar varnish thinking it was whisky. Then she got up and went over and put her arm through Bullock's. In the small moment since her husband had spoken Angelica Bullock had traveled upward a long way.

Faithful George moved over on the sofa and took Cornelia's hand and mumbled something about his salary and marriage. Presently the tenseness and emotion got on Bullock's nerves. He wanted to show his wife he could be a sportsman too. He smiled at Godfrey.

"What's it like in jail, Godfrey? I'll be there for a good many years, I'm afraid."

"It's not nice," said Godfrey. "Why go? It pays your debt to society but it doesn't do anybody any good, and you'd loathe it in jail. I know I did."

BULLOCK with a puzzled look faced him.

"But what else can I do?" he said. "I'm guilty."

"You can't do anything," said Godfrey. "I can."

"*You* can?"

Godfrey bowed.

"I already have," he said. He turned half apologetically to the others. "You see, I knew this was coming and I sort of planned for it. Got a couple of thou in cash?"

Bullock nodded.

"It'll take about that," said Godfrey. "Any one know you're here?"

Bullock slowly shook his head.

"All right. You pack a bag. I'll change out of the good old butler suit and meet you in a taxi on the corner of Madison Avenue in ten minutes. Got it?"

"Yes," said Bullock. He held out his hand. "Thanks."

"Not at all," said Godfrey. He felt suddenly embarrassed. After all, he had no place here in the midst of this upheaval of a home. It was a family matter. He took Bullock's hand, and then hurried out of the room to change his clothes. . . .

Twenty minutes later a taxi bearing Bullock and Irene and Godfrey halted by that dead-end street on the East River where is the footpath that leads to the village that has four Broadways, a Grosvenor Square, and many Main Streets. Godfrey got out.

"You wait here. I'll start the wheels turning."

Irene glanced at her father sitting huddled in a corner of the cab, crouching with the instinctive caution of the hunted.

"Godfrey didn't think I ought to come," she said. "But then I always see you off when you go places, so I thought I ought."

"You shouldn't have. Nice of you to want to, though. None of the others wanted to."

"But I *like* you," said Irene, unglazing her eyes. "That makes it different for me. I hope you have a swell time. I mean I hope you find a nice island with exquisite native brides and things." She paused. "And with friendly cannibal chiefs."

There was a moment's silence. Then Godfrey came back. With him was a nondescript sort of man dressed in shabby blue clothes. They got in, Godfrey spoke to the

FASHION FLASHES from PARIS

Lace nighties are the fad of the moment, and slips, combinations, and all the unmentionables are being made of lace; while the trimming is of silk or chiffon—reversing the usual order. To make the picture complete, the newest nighties of the filmy flesh-colored stuff have long sleeves and high necks, with sedate cravats like men's ties of light-blue chiffon.

The new style seems to be sweeping on to a high tide of success, ironically, just as "Lucile," Lady Duff Gordon—who first suggested silk underwear and was criticized for its indecency—dies.

DORAMILLER

driver, and the cab turned around and began threading its way through the downtown traffic. Some forty blocks south it ran out on to a wharf. Godfrey said, "Pete here thinks the tug captain will want three hundred, Mr. Bullock."

Bullock nodded and reaching into his pocket pulled out a wad of bills. He peeled three hundred off the top of the wad and handed them to Godfrey.

Godfrey handed the money to Pete, who got out and went down to the end of the wharf. There was a tug lying there. He disappeared on board, and a few minutes later came back to the cab beckoning to Godfrey and Bullock to join him. When they did, Pete led the way toward the tug.

"I'm goin' along part way for the ride," said Pete.

The three of them walked on down the pier, Godfrey carrying Bullock's bag. When they reached the end of it, Godfrey set down the bag and shook hands with his late employer. Then he left them and waited in the taxi for Irene. . . .

Cornelia, Faithful George, Carlo, and Angelica Bullock were sitting, when Godfrey and Irene returned, in practically the same positions they had been in when they left, with the exception that Carlo had moved over to where he could more easily comfort the bereaved.

"So you're back," said Cornelia.

"Yes," said Godfrey. "Mind if I have a drink, Mrs. Bullock?"

"But of course," said Carlo. "He eez staot faylow!"

Godfrey looked at him.

"I'm what?"

"Fine faylow. You save our honor. *I* will get you zee drink."

"Oh, thanks."

"Of all the crust I've ever seen!" said Cornelia. "The man's impertinent!"

Godfrey shook his head.

"No," he said; "only things have happened." He bowed to Mrs. Bullock. "May I telephone? I—I've got to find out something."

ANGELICA BULLOCK, realizing her butler had better be humored, nodded. Godfrey went to the phone and gave a number. Presently he said, "Mr. Alton Williams, please."

The Bullocks looked at one another. Alton Williams was a name to conjure with socially. He was to Long Island what the smart, smoking Potter-Palmers are to Chicago and the Cabots and G. Hopkinson Parkes are to Boston. In pregnant silence they listened.

"Tell him Godfrey Parke wants to speak to him."

"Who?" said the operator.

"Mr. G. Hopkinson Parke."

"My God!" said Angelica Bullock.

"So the man's an impostor as well as a crook," said Cornelia.

"I knew it all along," said Irene. She was lying but she thought it was a good thing to say.

They all looked at Godfrey now.

"Hello, Alton," he said. "What happened to B. O. R. on the floor today?"

"Bullock Oil and Refining," said Angelica. "Listen!"

"Right down *through* the floor?" said Godfrey. "Swell, boy. Cover at the opening. How much was I short at the close?"

They didn't hear how much he was short of Bullock's oil company, that he had seen a week ago must die with Bullock's bank. They could guess, from the little gasp he gave, that it must have been many many hundreds of shares. Angelica, if not the others, knew that ten thousand dollars put up as margin on a pyramid short-selling order would go a long way. She felt it was too humiliating that he had been their butler and that they had treated him like a servant.

PRESENTLY he hung up the phone and turned to them. Carlo picked up the highball he had made from the tray of fixings and held it out.

"Thanks," said Godfrey.

"Do sit down, Godfrey—Mr. Parke. But I've got to go on calling you Godfrey." Angelica Bullock laughed—a social laugh. "I feel we all know you so well."

Godfrey grinned amiably.

"You all don't know me anything like as well as I know you," he said. "You're sure you don't mind if I sit with you? It makes it easier to talk."

Cornelia was the only one of them who thought he was trying to be sarcastic. Angelica Bullock and Irene both knew perfectly well he meant it, because he knew they knew that G. Hopkinson Parke had sensationally gone to prison after trying most honorably to kill his wife's lover with his bare hands and then still more honorably refusing to defend himself in court, and they knew he thought the prison thing might make them shy off. Angelica nodded. Godfrey sat down.

Then Irene said, "What the hell happened to land you where you were with that gawdawful fire you had the night you bushed Cornelia?"

Cornelia raised the corner of one lip witheringly. Godfrey took a long pull of his drink. The butler mien had disappeared as soon as he had sat down.

"You know," he said, "I can't tell you how much coming to live here meant to me." He laughed softly. "You wouldn't any of you understand if I tried to explain—except it was such a big jump up from where I was living." He took another long sweet pull at his highball. "It's a fine house—I don't really believe any of you'll miss it as much as I will."

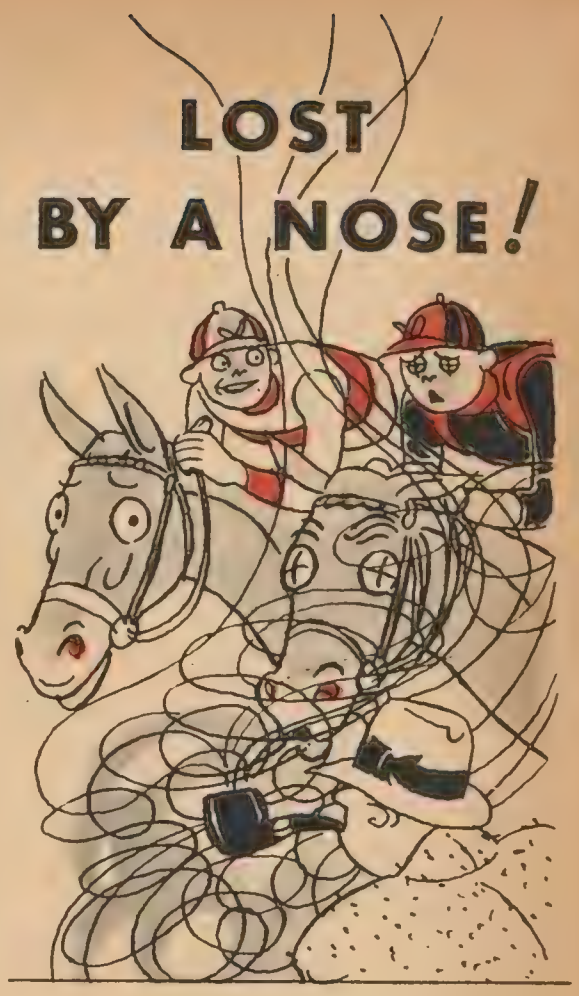
"*We'll* miss it? Do you mean to say we've got to move out of here?"

Godfrey looked Cornelia sternly in the eye.

"Cornelia," he said—she pretended to shudder at his use of her first name—"only people who have money can live in places like this. You haven't any money at all. As your father put it, you haven't a red."

"Of course I can take care of Cornelia," said Faithful George.

"Nuts!" said Cornelia.



THE race was neck and neck—up to the moment Railbird Ralph let loose a puff of hoosegow tobacco from his never-curried pipe.

It's the horselaugh for you now, Friend Ralph. But you can easily make yourself choice company for man and beast. Sluice out the old briar. Get it really clean and sweet. Then tamp it full of Sir Walter Raleigh Smoking Tobacco. You've heard men praise its mildness. You've heard women extol its fragrant aroma. Now try a tin. See if this ever-so-mild blend of gentle Kentucky Burleys in a well-kept pipe isn't a combination that wins any race. Particularly the human.

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"Oh, my dear Connie!" protested Faithful George.

"Well, what *are* we going to do?" said Cornelia.

Carlo, who had been listening intently, suddenly noticed Mrs. Bullock was crying again, and sprang to her side, sticking out his shoulder and putting his arm around her.

"But, Angelica, you moost not cry! Aftaire all, it is joost as bad weez me! Who will take care of Carlo now?"

"Gawd knows," said Irene. "Of course you couldn't take care of yourself, I don't suppose?"

"But no!" said Carlo.

"Out of the question," said Godfrey.

He sensed Irene's fixed stare on him and turned toward her. She was gazing at him with that bovine affectionate look that always both touched and frightened him.

"Godfrey"—she had waited till he looked up—"Godfrey, you'll do something about all this, won't you?"

"But of course he weel," said Carlo. "He eez staot faylow. Do something about us, Godfrey, pliz."

"I could learn to be a secretary," said Irene. "I'd make a good secretary, don't you think so?"

"No," said Godfrey. The great brown eyes filled with tears, and as always he was moved. "You see, there're so many secretaries, and most of them are so dumb."

"But I'm dumb," said Irene. "I'm terribly dumb—every one's always said so."

"Mrs. Bullock"—Godfrey set his drink down on the occasional table by his chair—"in a way this is sort of funny. You see, because of the whimsical ways of American business, the same circumstance that has left you without a nickel to your name has made me comparatively rich again."

The Bullocks, all three of them, looked at him aghast.

Carlo looked pleased. For he was always glad to be with any one who was rich.

"But the funny part of it," said Godfrey—and he grinned now, because this part of it *had* struck him as funny—"is that I don't dare use any of the money. If I did I'd be pinched for conspiracy with Bullock—people would think I was just acting for him—and I hate being pinched. If I let you use it you'd be pinched for conspiracy and you wouldn't like it at all. No; we're all going to work!"

"*Work!*"

"In a nice way," said Godfrey.

"Then I *can* be a secretary!" said Irene. "I can be your secretary."

Cornelia, eluding Faithful George's grip, got to her feet.

"I, for one," she said, "will have nothing to do with it. The man has stolen the last ten thousand dollars we had to our name and embezzled himself into riches!" She stamped an exquisitely shod foot. "I, for one, would sooner go on the streets than enter into one of his jailbird plans!" She faced Irene. "Have you no pride?"

She started making an exit.

GODFREY, a smile he was trying his best to control flickering around the corners of his mouth, said, "Hey, you'd better wait. You've got to live somewheres, you know, while you're on the streets, and there may be something in this for you."

Cornelia, snorting and heaving the bosom, waited.

Godfrey went on:

"Of course the logical thing is for all of you to go to work—one way or another. It's the only way our mutual good fortune, to be administered by me, can possibly escape the inquisition—I mean it's the only way we can keep people from thinking old Bullock tipped me off; which you all know damned well he didn't."

"*I* don't know he didn't," said Angelica. "It would be just like him. He was always considerate. He was—" She broke off into tears.

"Oh, father wasn't such a fool," declared Cornelia.

"He wasn't a fool at all!" said Angelica.

"He erred," said Godfrey, and finished his highball. It was the first really proper highball he'd had since he went to prison, and he'd found the drinking of it extremely pleasant.

"Now here we are. I've got the money—you haven't. You've been swell to me—all of you—even wretched Cornelia, who doesn't quite know whether she's afoot or a-horseback. I've worked out a sort of line-up, because, you see, I've known for weeks and weeks that this was coming and I didn't want to go back to that—that burrow of mine."

"BUT why deed you evaire have to go zaire? Wiz a naime like yource! You cood have borrow' from aivery one aftaire yoor wife toook all dze monaye, as we read about in zee payparce!"

"That's just why," said Godfrey. "Borrowing's swell when you can pay back. It stinks otherwise."

"But no!" said Carlo. "That makes eet more foon!"

Angelica Bullock straightened, wiped an eye with a wisp of gossamer kerchief, and said, "What do you want us to do, Godfrey?"

Godfrey went across the room and mixed himself another whisky-and-soda—not because he wanted the drink but because the being able to stroll across that living room and help himself was such a pleasure—and returned.

"I have arranged," he said, a little of the butler manner creeping into his voice, "for the position of headwaiter at Chez Mariette. It is remunerative—with the publicity which will follow my taking the post, it should be very remunerative. I have learned that being a butler isn't so bad. Being a butler emeritus or headwaiter should be rather fun. That settles me."

"And me?" said Carlo.

"You can be my captain."

"Who buys dze suit?"

"You," said Godfrey. "Irene, because she found me and I found the money for all of us, doesn't have to work. Cornelia marries Faithful George, and gets for an allowance the equal of whatever Faithful George can earn.. She's played him for a poor benighted sucker long enough."

"You lie in your teeth!" said Cornelia. "I've never played him for a sucker."

"You — better — marry — me!" muttered Faithful George.

"Not if you were the last man on earth!" said Cornelia. "How much do you make?"

"Seventy a week!" said Faithful George. "Of course it's father's firm, but I should make more any minute if I was married."

Cornelia found pause again.

"I'll think about it," she said, came back into the room from the position she'd taken near the doorway, and sat down next to Faithful George. Godfrey sighed. All the sensation of fun he'd been having at these people's expense had suddenly left him. He had realized again how perfectly ghastly all this must be for them, and he found them acting much better than he had thought they would.

"What do *I* do?" broke in Angelica.

"You work as a—" He caught himself. He had been going to say "stooge," but it seemed now too unkind. He said, "You work as a commission agent. You bring people to Chez Mariette, you eat free yourself, and you get a cut in whatever they buy to eat and drink." A sudden impulse of friendliness came over him. After all, the old battle-ax had been damned decent to him. He reached over and slapped her knee—a gesture Mrs. Bullock was inordinately fond of. "O. K., pal?"

"O. K. pal!" said Mrs. Bullock, giving him the playful shove he'd been afraid would follow.

"Pul-iz!" said Carlo pleadingly.

Irene, who had been listening avidly and feeling very proud indeed that she was the one member of the stranded group, so to speak, who didn't have to do anything, suddenly had an actual thought—a thought that alarmed her intensely:

"But where are we going to live?"

"I have taken," said Godfrey, "two walk-up apartments at forty-nine East Forty-nine. You Bullocks live on the third floor and I live on the fourth."

"Sweet!" said Angelica. "Stairs always did get me! And then you can still look after us, can't you, Godfrey!" Suddenly she remembered whom she was talking to and flushed crimsonish. "I mean it'll be so nice having you near us, Mr. Parke! You must bring Mr. Williams up for a cocktail sometime."

"Sometime," said Godfrey.

DURING the weeks that followed the fall of the house of Bullock, Godfrey was happier than he ever remembered being.

He had taken the use of his whole proper name again, daring the risk of certain unpleasantnesses for the sake of the valuable publicity he thought his doing so would bring. It had. As a stooge Angelica Bullock had proved invaluable. Cornelia, married to Faithful George, was comfortably out of the way.

There had so far been but one fly crawling about in the ointment; and that was Irene, who, knowing she could always eat at the restaurant free, haunted the place. Sometimes she haunted it by herself. At other times she brought with her any one she chanced to find amusing; and as she had phenomenally low tastes in companionship, this caused Godfrey considerable embarrassment. The man who took care of the sea lions at the zoo in Central Park was, for example, not at all the sort of client Chez Mariette sought to attract. What annoyed Godfrey particularly about him was that Irene always made him bark.

But in spite of this Godfrey was happy. He liked his work, he liked his little apartment, and he felt comfortably affluent. He went on liking these things and being happy until about two o'clock on a certain afternoon in April; and then, as he was secretly counting the luncheon hour's tips under cover of a menu, his face suddenly took on much the same expression Bullock's had when he had thought that the pearl necklace was gone. For, standing in the doorway, he had recognized his former wife. Instinct and training made him quickly thrust the bills back into his pocket. Then, to his horror, he saw she was coming toward him, smiling greetings.

Now what? With his ex-wife turning up, and his job at Chez Mariette giving him a new start in the world—to say nothing of the possession that Irene had taken of the place and himself—things look balled up again. But read the next issue of Liberty for the fun.

GOOD BOOKS

By OLIVER SWIFT

★ ★ ★ **THE CASE FOR MANCHOUKUO** by George Bronson Rea. D. Appleton-Century Company.

Hot-off-the-griddle inside news and views by a veteran war correspondent and expert on the Far East who is now hired by the Japanese-controlled government of Manchoukuo to advise it as publicity man in dealing with American public opinion. Rea says bluntly that in trying to force Japan to get out of Manchuria (which belongs to China) we are getting out on the end of a limb and are only pulling Communist chestnuts out of the fire.

★ ★ **MINIONS OF THE MOON** by Eden Phillpotts. The Macmillan Company.

The adventures of two notorious highwaymen famed throughout England during the Napoleonic Wars.

★ ★ **SHIPMASTERS OF CAPE COD** by Henry C. Kittredge. Houghton Mifflin Company.

A brilliant and salty chronicle of Cape men and Cape ships in the great days of sailing.

★ ★ **MURDER IN THE MADHOUSE** by Jonathan Latimer. Crime Club, Inc.

Ingenious detective work performed under difficulties in a sanatorium for mental cases.

★ ★ **VALUES** by William F. Fowler. William F. Fowler, publisher.

The author has something real to say: "Man does not control nature; he is a part of nature and must accomplish his purpose by learning to apply principles. . . . Nature is not concerned with methods or forms, but with the purpose to be accomplished." Mr. Fowler devotes his book to seeking the purpose in our social institutions and the methods by which that purpose can be fulfilled.

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From Washington . . .

by PRINCESS ALEXANDRA

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 36 SECONDS

● The cult of the stars has fallen hard on Washington. Astrology now enjoys a bull market here. Palmistry and other branches of mystic divination are thriving also in a lush way.

You might not believe me if I named a few of the highest government officials who go to stargazers or palm readers for occult dope on important affairs of state. Some go once a week regularly. Some go only when they are anxious about certain political issues.

Washington's most expensive soothsayers refrain from advertising. Their clients are too prominent to risk public contact. But you can find the placards of lesser oracles displayed here in almost every city block. And gee whiz, how the money rolls in!

The fortunetellers who know how to be discreet are piling up nice fortunes. One lady sibyl told me she's so busy these days she had had to give up eating lunch. Can't spare the time. One popular astrologer works in a government office by day. By night he consults the Wheel of Life for Big Executives. He even gets weather forecasts from the stars.

● When days are bright Vice President Garner comes out and suns himself on the steps of the Capitol. Washington taxi drivers know this and call your attention to it. "Look," they say, "there's the Vice President sunning himself."

He and Mrs. Garner are cordial, friendly home folks. In his office he said to me, "If you get lonesome any time, just drop around here for a chat." On a wall near his office door he has hung a funny picture of Victor Moore playing the comic Vice President Throttlebottom part in that show, Of Thee I Sing. The picture gives Mr. Garner a laugh, and nobody gets out of his office without seeing it.

Mrs. Garner learned stenography just for fun, because she didn't have enough to do on her brother's farm.

Now she works hard as her husband's secretary, is rapid and accurate. Does all his shopping, too. But he won't give her a chance to cook.

As soon as she has anything started on the stove he calls, "Ettie, take a telegram."

● Evelyn McLean wears the Hope diamond as a pendant on a chain of smaller diamonds. She undid the chain and handed me the famous stone.

"Don't touch it if you're superstitious," she said. "It's supposed to bring bad luck."

I did not touch it. I took a good look at it, though. It is about one inch by an inch and a half in size, slate gray in color, with a queer bluish tinge. Wickedest looking gem I ever beheld. I thought it looked like the frozen eye of a deadly snake. Told Mrs. McLean I wouldn't touch it for *anything*.

"What would you do if you owned it?" she asked.

"Throw it away!" I said.

Mrs. McLean is one of the wealthiest women in Washington. Her husband, Edward B. McLean, formerly owned the Washington Post. Her Hope diamond is said to be worth about $300,000. Living a rather retired life, she likes to embroider and sew. Told me she doesn't care for cooking and never goes near her kitchen unless cockroaches get in there.

Then—wearing her Hope diamond—she tucks up her sleeves and makes war on the pests. Kills 'em all dead. That deadly diamond, of course!

Mrs. McLean wears it practically all the time. Says she isn't a bit superstitious about it.

● It is surprising to learn how few clothes you need for a couple of weeks in Washington. Women dress simply here. You need two evening gowns, not too fancy but of good material, and preferably without trains so you won't be walked on at crush receptions. And two smart afternoon dresses. Also one cocktail dress if you are staying with a hostess who entertains a lot. No sports clothes unless you're a golf addict. Nobody else wears them here.

Pay close heed to Washington's special manners and customs if you want to be a success. Take along plenty of engraved calling cards. Try your best to remember names and faces. Familiarize yourself with the correct salutations for official people. Read the papers carefully for political news.

Always know what bills are up in the House and Senate—otherwise you will never manage to follow conversations.

You will hear endless gossip. You had better forget most of it—at least until you get back home.

● *In Washington the following men spoke me the following words:*

Senator Vandenberg of Michigan: "Many of my more religious constituents consider that the wrath of God is being incurred through the destruction of foods."

C. W. Jurney, Senate sergeant at arms: "Democrats don't fight—with their fists."

Secretary of Commerce Roper: "We need vision, vision, vision. We ought to train our business men for government work in emergency—like the Swiss army reserve."

Senator Borah of Idaho: "The failure to enforce limitation of monopoly is infinitely worse than Communism."

Representative Elmer Ryan of Minnesota (youngest Congressman): "I *like* the game of politics."

To the Ladies!

KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND AUTHORITY ON FASHION

● Lunch with Jack Dempsey at his swell new restaurant where the doorman dresses like George Washington's butler and the hat check girls are garbed in hunting coats of British red. Jack's place is in New York, across the avenue from Madison Square Garden, hall of fistic fame.

"My folks have been in the restaurant business for three generations," Jack told me. "My grandfather ran Dempsey's tavern at Logan, West Virginia. My father ran the Rio Grande Eating House at Manassa, Colorado. I went to work there as a dishwasher, then yard boy. Finally I got to be ninth cook. Learned to broil steak and rustle ham and eggs."

He doesn't claim now to be a culinary champ. What's his favorite dish? Cheesecake with crushed strawberries. What has he no taste for at all? Strange women who chase him around his new restaurant trying to kiss him (one tried it the other day).

Jack can't carry a tune and his teeth are so sensitive that he hates to go to the dentist. It's a good thing the other boys didn't know about those teeth of his when he was fighting!

He is crazy, naturally, about his baby daughter, and fond of all kids in general.

"There is only one kind of a kid I don't like," he declared earnestly. "I can't stand a kid who says *nuts*."

● Two professors in a college town admire the same lady. She is blonde, attractive, thirtyish. One of the admiring professors is young but shy. The other is middle-aged but spry. He has a son nineteen years old, a sophomore in college there, and Dad's flirtation with the blonde is getting too warm for the boy, who doesn't want to see his home broken up.

JACK DEMPSEY

The boy is in one of the young professor's classes, knows all about his diffident affection for Dad's blonde.

So boy gives young professor confidential advice. Says:

"You're too slow. Dad's getting there faster than you are. He isn't very serious, but men of his age go on emotional binges—and I don't want any divorce in our family. Why don't you tear in and cut him out?"

"I—I don't seem to know how."

So the student is tutoring his young professor in the science of getting there with blondes.

● Japanese girls were shown playing baseball in a recent newsreel from Nippon. I was interested to see what good sports they are. Frequently, as they ran the bases, the long skirts of their kimonos tumbled them head over heels. Always they got up with a grin and went scampering on.

They took to our strenuous game, I saw, with complete good nature, yet with plenty of grit and a lively competitive spirit. They threw the ball fairly straight, too, and caught it fairly often. I admired their freedom from self-consciousness or show-offishness. Somehow they are able to be thoroughly gay, vigorously roughhouse, without discarding their quaint Oriental modesty.

At playing games it seems to me the Japanese resemble Americans more than any other people do.

● There is nostalgia for me in the return to favor of mild lilac perfumes. On their odor I am carried away by memories of old Russia. Light lilac perfumes were used by all the women of my set in Petrograd.

We used lilac after bathing, we sprayed undies and bed linen with lilac.

Through the long winter it made us think of springtime and the lilac bushes growing in profusion around the veranda of nearly every Russian country house. My pleasantest recollections of Russia are associated with the tender-sweet aroma of fresh lilac.

● A young woman who reads this page has asked me what she can do to keep in step—literally—with her young man. Here's what she writes:

"My fiancé is tall and long legged. I am quite short. We have the same argument every time we go out walking together, and I would like to get it settled before I marry him. He says he can't take little mincing steps like mine because they make him look ridiculous. But if I try to keep up with his steps I have to straddle so that it makes *me* look ridiculous. Is he being fair? Shouldn't he be more polite and walk my way?"

Dearie, your problem has been argued back and forth by engaged couples for countless generations. I suggest that you bide your time. He won't take such long steps when he pushes a baby carriage.

● Books I've enjoyed recently: Francis the First, by Francis Hackett (Doubleday, Doran & Co.); National Velvet, by Enid Bagnold (William Morrow & Co.); Heritage, by George F. Hummel (Frederick A. Stokes Company).

● A fascinating Chinese cookbook has come to me from Honolulu. It's called Chinese Cookery. The author is M. Sing Au. Thank him for this excellent shrimp recipe:

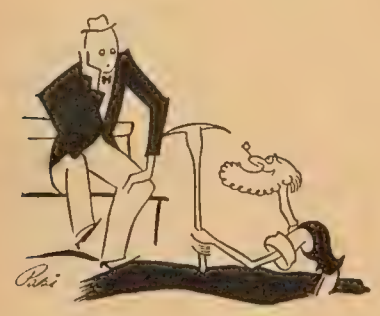
Fry 1 lb. uncooked shrimps a few minutes in 1½ tablespoons peanut oil (or olive oil). Add ½ lb. thinly sliced mushrooms, 1 chopped onion, 1 stalk celery chopped. Now put in 5 cups cold cooked rice, 3 tablespoons soy sauce, dash of salt, dash of Angostura bitters. Stir with a large fork. Into the mixture break 5 eggs and continue stirring until set. Serve in a large bowl.

Vox Pop

YOUNG LOAFER WANTS PENSION

TALLAHASSEE, FLA.—I am just a young fellow but I am interested in old-age pensions. My grandfather is sixty years old and he wants to be working all the time, although he doesn't have to work.

I am only twenty and I do not like to work at all. Yet I must work or starve. Maybe when I get to be sixty perhaps I will enjoy working. Right now I'd



rather loaf or play ball or just go fishing or sit down and read. I believe folks have the wrong slant on this retirement scheme. They have it all backwards. It is us young folks who should be given a pension from the time we are twenty until we are sixty.

When we got to be sixty maybe we would be so tired of loafing we would be glad to go to work. All the old folks I know are always working or looking for work. They all seem to like it. So I say, let people over sixty go to work and pension the young folks from twenty to sixty. Then you will be doing something for the folks who could really enjoy a pension.—*Jimmy B.*

LET'S HOG-TIE THIS ARGUMENT

ISLETON, CALIF.—I want to take exception to both W. D. Gay and Happy Jack (April 13 Vox Pop) regarding Will Rogers's roping. I have never seen Will Rogers "sling a line," but I do know (for Mr. Gay's benefit) that the very best of ropers can and do miss once in a while and even have off days when they couldn't catch a cold in a basket.—*P. H. Hansen.*

COLONEL HOUSE'S MUD PIES

SALMO, B. C.—Some weeks ago you introduced to your readers one Colonel E. M. House, and referred to him as an outstanding authority on foreign affairs and a man with complete knowledge of what takes place in the inner circles of international affairs.

But, with unsettled conditions in international affairs at the present time, it was somewhat a jolt to read in your issue of February 23 the statement of Colonel House that "many suspected that the British deliberately led the Lusitania across the path of the submarine which sank her."

Just what is this man House trying to do? Who of these "many" will back up what they suspect with facts? As the Lusitania carried many American women and children, what effect has this on the American people, not to mention the feelings of Canadians?

Let Colonel House make his mud pies, but let Liberty keep its hands clean by refraining from throwing them for him. —*L. F. A. Johnstone.*

FROM 22,000 AGENTS

NEW YORK, N. Y.—On behalf of the 22,000 leading life-insurance agents of America, whom I have the honor to represent, may I thank Liberty, and through Liberty Mr. Edwin C. Hill, for his splendid endorsement of life insurance on your radio program of March 28?

We feel that both Mr. Hill and your magazine have thus performed a real service to the homes and families of this country—in these days of economic uncertainty and insecurity. — *Roger B. Hull, National Association of Life Underwriters.*

HYPOCRITES . . . BLUE EAGLE OFF

WASHINGTON, D. C.—Why do all the newspapers print the Blue Eagle on their papers and then knock hell out of NRA and distort all the news about it?

Are they just a bunch of hypocrites? If they are against it, why haven't they the nerve to take their Blue Eagles off? —*A. B.*

YOUTH . . . DROOLED

LOS ANGELES, CALIF. — Imagine my surprise if you can when, after reading that silly letter signed A Modern High School Youth, in April 13 Liberty, I saw it printed in full in our Daily News here, together with a letter from another high school youth of this city who agreed with what the former idiot said! Let me quote you a few lines. He drooled:

"This high school boy expresses the sentiment of 90 per cent of the high school youths of today. . . . My dad and my uncles and my granddad all seem to think that baseball is a good game, but I notice too that my granddad seems to think also that we'd be better off if we'd go back to using horses and wagons.

"Football is the king of sports and track is next."

Think of giving a sports column spread to such piffle!—*Ben J. Casey.*

PEA SOUP FROM POPPYCOCK

PRINCETON, IDA.—Don't worry about Hoover. We may be dumb, but we can tell pea soup from poppycock when we're hungry. Who would vote for another four years of procrastination at a time like this!—*Evon Guernsey.*

THE DESERVING RICH

CLEVELAND, OHIO — I am going to make a statement here that I do not believe has ever been made before; but before I make the statement I want to say that it comes from a person that is considered a pauper. Here is what I think:

It seems that almost every one is ready and wants to cut the throat of the rich man. If they only knew it, they would find that the man of wealth has earned and deserves every cent that he has, and I do not place any limit on the amount. He may not know just why he has earned it and deserves it; but whether he does or not, he has just the same.—*O. E. Walters.*

LONG GRAY SHIPS . . . TARGETS

WHEATLAND, IND.—I think the days of the battleship are over and building more of them is just a waste of time and money. What chance has a battleship against airplanes and long-range guns? Now what could be a better target from the air than that long gray ship on the blue ocean? I do believe that the navy is still of some benefit, but to spend so much money on it and neglect our air forces is to invite disaster if not worse.

I am one that will listen to reason, so

if any one can explain to me how the navy can withstand air attacks I would be pleased very much.—*Robert Young.*

ORANGE JUICE . . . SPINACH AT 6

BOSTON, MASS.—Many people reason about plans for general and permanent material security as if there were some feud between the youth group and the "old geezers." But already yesterday's youth begins to be crowded back, for today's better babies are running up ladders in their very tender months!

So what does it profit a prize baby to scale heights in his early morn if he fall to a park bench's shame in his declining

nights? Of what avail orange juice and spinach at six if at sixty the pride of scientific experiment must stoop to the gutter for butts of cigarettes?—*A. K. P.*

"SINCE I BECAME A BLONDE"

NEW YORK, N. Y.—So Mr. Harvey Peake (April 20 Vox Pop) doesn't like us peroxide blondes, doesn't he? Who does he think we bleach our hair to please?

Since I became a blonde two years ago my popularity with men has about doubled. It's the women who despise my golden tresses. At the urgence of a fellow I changed back to natural six months ago. As soon as I had dark hair I lost his attentions. Now, thank God,

I'm a blonde again, and intend to keep dunking my hair in peroxide forevermore.

If I have any advice to give all womankind, it's — go blonde! — *Proud Peroxided Peggy.*

HIDE-AND-SEEK WITH RABBITS?

OMPS, W. VA.—In answer to a letter in April 13 Vox Pop signed L. P. Hansen, I wish to say that CCC boys do not play hide-and-seek with rabbits in our national forests. The person that wrote this letter probably has never been near a CCC camp and watched these boys work.

The government is not wasting billions on CCC boys. As a member of the CCC I work in the forests, and I do not play hide-and-seek with rabbits.—*L.W.B.*

cities, unemployed, hopeless, despairing? Many have dependents. Their savings are gone. They want employment but are being ignored completely. —*Marion Humbert.*

SET YOUR OWN TIME

WINONA, MICH.—Why not set a certain reading time for Vox Pop?

Many readers thereby would be in a position to ascertain the amount of time wasted on Liberty's contents.—*Leonard B. Soine.*

FOUR-STAR EDITORIALS

ATLANTA, GA.—You have your four-star letters on your Vox Pop page, but what about that four-star editorial that Bernarr Macfadden wrote in April 20 Liberty? All of Mr. Macfadden's editorials are very good, but his views about our President are exceptionally just, and I think he deserves all the praise that we can give him for voicing his opinions at this time.—*J. E. Bradfield.*

ANDERSON, IND. — For some time I have been reading your sound, real American editorials with much interest. We needed the warnings against the silly gang down at Washington, and now you come along in the April 20 issue of Liberty and nullify most of what you have previously done.

Frank D. Roosevelt is the most consummate socialistic demagogue in our history. He has neither depth nor intellectual honesty in his make-up. He is a rich socialist—the most dangerous man in public life.—*O. W. Douglas.*

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—When men of Mr. Macfadden's capacity start turning their minds to the question of government, we the lesser fry, who have like the kernel of wheat been ground between the millstones of crooked big business and politicians, have hope that we shall yet attain the difficult goal of good government.—*M. H. Jensen.*

PAINFUL—AND POISONOUS

SCHOFIELD BARRACKS, T. H.—In March 9 Vox Pop C. Kathryn Sullivan sought the miraculous work of some modern St. Patrick to rid her homeland Honolulu, of scorpions and centipedes. It might please her to know that neither is poisonous. Painful, yes.—*Kamaaina.*

[And poisonous too, Kamaaina. The Americana states: "The sting (of scorpions) is rarely fatal to man, but it may prove dangerous to persons of weakly constitution."—VOX POP EDITOR.]

FIRE STARTS . . . THEY HOLLER

PORTLAND, ORE.—You might print an article telling how much it costs to keep a flock of these useless guys called forest rangers. I bet it's millions every year. Half the government buildings in Portland jam-packed with them and half the cars on the road near any forest preserve is full of them on their way to inspect something that some one else has done. I never caught one of them working, and when a fire starts all they do is holler for help from us guys and then run to the telephone so they can report to the newspapers or the President or some college professor that they saved the country.

It just seems like too many people in

this country are trying to think; but that's kind of hard work, so they went on relief instead—leaving a kind of half-baked know-it-all outfit, and they called it the forest service.

I read that the President is hot for this kind of bull, so maybe you better print this so he can see it.—*Ezekeal Endicott Butterall.*

FORGOTTEN WOMEN

PORTLAND, ORE. — So much space is given to men—their opinions and problems and the necessity of making employment for men—that the fact that there are still women in the world appears to have escaped notice. In truth, the "forgotten woman."

She can't dig ditches and build roads. She spent her best years at office work. Silver threads have displaced the gold. She is middle-aged; there is no place for her.

What is being done for the women of our land who by millions are walking the streets of our

"Don't gimme any o' your lip!"

TEN JOBS FOR EVERY MAN

LOGANSPORT, IND.—Two public enemies are: No. 1, chain stores; and No. 2, the present system of taxation.

Clean up the chain stores and adopt Henry George's Single Tax idea, and there would be so much prosperity it would take the people a thousand years to catch up with it.

They would create ten jobs for every man instead of ten men for every job.

The change would satisfy everybody except the grafters. Stupid lot of people we are!—*J. H. Reitemeier.*

YOU CAN!

CONTROL YOUR FATE

Only one power on earth controls your destiny! It is the strange force sleeping in your mind. Awaken it! Command it to obey your wishes! Push obstacles aside, attract opportunities and realize your fondest hopes and ideals.

FREE SEALED BOOK

This book explains how you may obtain an age-old, secret method for applying the laws of mind influence that will bring about these startling changes in your life.

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Analyze Liberty's weekly sale of 2,174,000 copies. You will see that this is the equivalent of 216 people paying a nickel for a copy of Liberty every single minute. 216 nickels, every minute of the day, 7 days a week, 52 weeks a year! A tremendous and continuous affirmation of Liberty's popularity.

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High up (24 floors!) above W. 45th St., Times Sq. Only 4 minutes WALK to "Radio City", 69 Theatres, 5th Ave. Now! rates begin as low as $2.50 for a cool, charming room. Free booklet? Write W. Stiles Koones, Manager.

BRING BACK THE YOUTHFUL BEAUTY OF YOUR HAIR

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★ ★ ★ NEXT WEEK ★ ★ ★

Watch Out, You American Women! by Rupert Hughes—"Are women people?" Only yesterday their answer was a triumphant, final "Yes!" Final? How is it today? Is woman secure in her hard-won equality? "By no means!" Hughes warns her—and he cites a grim list of man-made discriminations that are tending to put her back in "woman's place, the home," and enslave her there for "breeding and kneading."

The Passionate Eskimo by F. Scott Fitzgerald—The north wind carried a message of trouble to this sight-seeing Eskimo, but it also meant a means of solving a problem of hearts and intrigue.

Other stories and articles by Jay Franklin, Marian Sims, Frederick Scribner, Bill McGowan, Bert Green, and others

N A LOVELY COMPLEXION AND A GLORIOUS VACATION IN EUROPE!

JUST 3 CAKES OF PALMOLIVE

..the beauty soap made with soothing olive oil . . . are *sure* to bring you a lovelier, more alluring complexion

AND THE SAME THREE CAKES MAY WIN YOU ONE OF THESE THRILLING TOURS!

20 FREE TOURS OF EUROPE

R, IF YOU PREFER, $1,000 CASH IN PLACE OF TOUR!

20 lucky winners sail July 31 on world's largest ship

FRENCH LINE'S "S. S. NORMANDIE"

34 glorious days in 7 European countries...All expenses paid and $300 "pocket money" for every winner

AND 1,000 ADDITIONAL PRIZES!

T LAST! A contest in which you just can't lose! A contest so imple that you may *easily* win a ip that will be the most thrilling xperience of your life! And you re *certain* to win the most precious rize of all—the glamour and allure f a soft, smooth, *youthful* skin!

HERE'S ALL YOU DO!

ust write us a short, simple letter, ccompanied by the black bands rom three cakes of Palmolive Soap or reasonably accurate copies) . . . hat's all you need do to enter this vonderful contest.

Get your three cakes of Palmolive oday. Try it . . . and see how this narvelous beauty soap will give *our* skin the thrilling loveliness hat every man adores!

Every night and morning use this simple 2-minute beauty treatment . . . Massage Palmolive's rich, velvety lather into your skin. See how gently, but deeply, it cleanses your pores . . . Then rinse with warm water, followed by cold. Watch your skin grow lovelier, more radiant, day by day! Even before the third cake is gone . . . see what a marvelous improvement Palmolive has made in your skin!

OLIVE OIL... ITS BEAUTY SECRET

Why does Palmolive do such wonders for your skin? Because, unlike other soaps, it is made from precious cosmetic oils . . . a blend of soothing olive and palm oils . . . used by lovely women since Cleopatra's time to keep their skin exquisitely soft and smooth!

That is why Beauty Experts the world over say: "Use only Palmolive for daily complexion care." And that is why millions of women the world over use and prefer Palmolive Soap!

HERE ARE THE DETAILS OF THIS THRILLING CONTEST!

A contest so simple—so easy! All you do is tell us in your own words *"Why I use and prefer Palmolive Soap."* You don't need to be clever. Just write as you would to a friend. (Contest rules explain how easy it is.)

There are 20 first prizes . . . 20 chances to win, *entirely at our expense,* a glorious 34-day tour of seven European countries. (Or, if you prefer, $1,000 in cash . . . about *half* what such a tour would ordinarily cost you.) Hotels, meals, transportation, and scheduled entertainment . . . all paid for . . . and $300 "pocket money" for every winner. Railroad fare to and from New York will also be paid.

WINNERS SAIL ON GREAT NEW FRENCH LINE SHIP

20 first prize winners sail on th palatial new "Normandie." Leav New York July 31st, returns Se tember 2nd.

European Tour includes Pari Rome, London . . . Venice, Genev Vienna . . . Brussels, Amsterda and The Hague . . . Five wonderf weeks in the most fascinating citi of the Old World! First cla accommodations aboard ship an throughout the tour.

A representative of the Colgat Palmolive-Peet Company (make of Palmolive) will accompany th winners throughout the tour.

What a glorious vacation! And y have every chance in the world to w it! So write that letter today!

1,000 ADDITIONAL PRIZES

In addition to the 20 first prize there are 1,000 others . . . F women, Beauty Boxes containi creams, powder, lipstick, and course Palmolive Soap! For me attractive Palmolive Shaving Ki

READ THESE EASY CONTEST RULES!

(*Clip and save for reference.*)

Anyone is eligible to enter the contest (with the exception of employees f Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Co., their dvertising agency, and their families).

. Write a letter of 100 words, or ss, telling "Why I use and prefer almolive Soap." Print your full ame and address, and the name of he dealer from whom you bought our Palmolive Soap.

. All letters will be judged on their learness, sincerity and interest. Literry ability is of no value. Just write s if you were writing to a friend. imple, easy-to-write letters will win he prizes! (You may submit as many etters as you wish.)

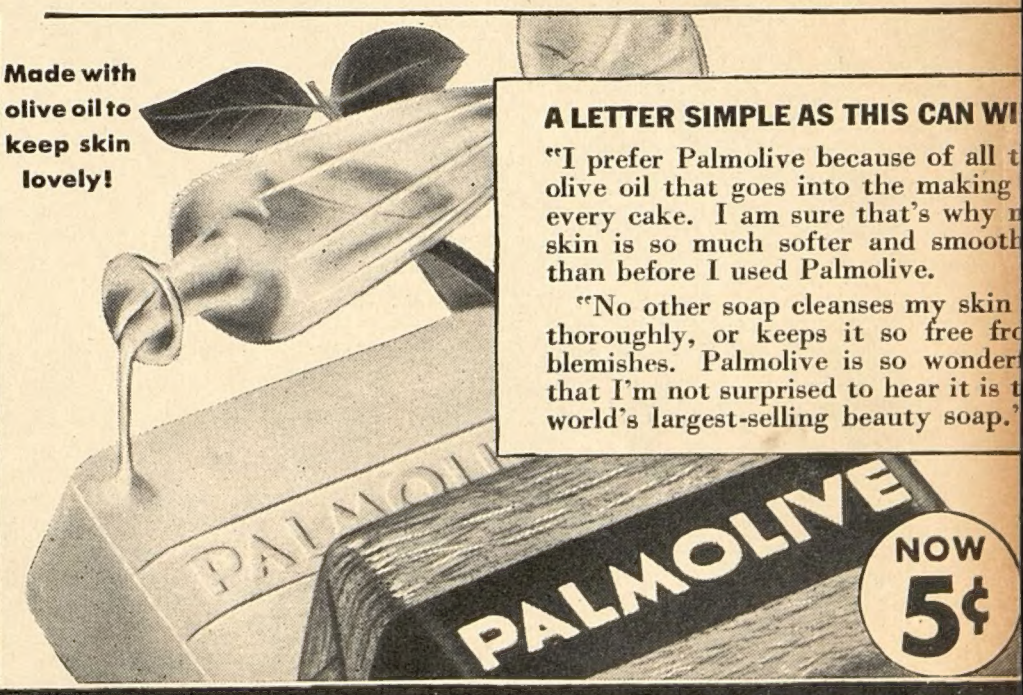
. Each letter you submit must be ccompanied by the black bands from hree cakes of Palmolive Soap (or reasonably accurate copies). Mail to Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Co., Dept. L-6, Jersey City, New Jersey.

5. Contest closes June 15, 1935. All letters must be in the mail before midnight of that date. Winners will be notified on July 2.

6. The Judges will be: Mr. Emil Rohde, Pres., Nat'l Hairdressers and Cosmetologists Association; Mrs. Winifred Fayant, Pres., American Cosmeticians Association; and Miss Elizabeth Woodward, Associate Editor of Ladies' Home Journal. Judges' decisions must be accepted as final. In the event of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded.

7. All entries submitted become the property of Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Co.

Made with olive oil to keep skin lovely!



A LETTER SIMPLE AS THIS CAN WI

"I prefer Palmolive because of all t olive oil that goes into the making every cake. I am sure that's why m skin is so much softer and smooth than before I used Palmolive.

"No other soap cleanses my skin thoroughly, or keeps it so free fr blemishes. Palmolive is so wonder that I'm not surprised to hear it is t world's largest-selling beauty soap."

PALMOLIVE IS THE LARGEST SELLING BEAUTY SOAP IN THE WORLD

It's time for Pabst-

Get yourself out of a trap with a refreshing drink of Pabst Blue Ribbon Beer or Ale.

Whether you are playing or working—IT'S TIME FOR PABST. You will find things go smoother when you relax a moment and enjoy the most refreshing beer or ale that's brewed.

Sure you'll like it. Folks have for more than ninety years. The flavor, purity and downright goodness will win you, too.

The Pabst Blue Ribbon sign displayed by better dealers is your invitation to this true satisfying refreshment. Accept the invitation—you'll like Pabst.

Pabst Blue Ribbon

Beer and Ale

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